

DIDASCALUS . PATIENS

DIDASCALUS PATIENS

A SATIRE, A MEDLEY, A ROMANCE

BY

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HEADMASTER OF THE CRYPT GRAMMAR SCHOOL, GLOUCESTER

"si quid novisti rectius istis
Candidus imperti ; si non, his utere mecum."

" Coscienza fusca
o della propria o dell' altrui vergogna
pur sentirà la tua parola brusca.
Ma nondimen, rimossa ogni menzogna,
tutta tua vision fa manifesta,
e lascia pur grattar, dov' è la rognà."

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PREFACE

EDUCATIONISTS rarely condescend to define. The author, exceptional in this as in other matters, desires at the outset to indicate the precise scope of the present book. It deals with the joys and sorrows, the problems and the trials of Secondary Education, of all types of Secondary Education for boys, not omitting the most ancient type of all, the Grammar School. The words "Education" and "Profession," when used without qualification, will usually therefore refer to Secondary Education—not that the author thinks Elementary and University instruction are not Education, but because the word with this wide extension becomes confusing from the great variety of problems which confront those who wish to educate young men of twenty-one and babies of five or less. The problems of feminism and of the Education of Woman are also avoided by the author, as he has given insufficient attention to the subjects.

The author views, from the repose of a

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Cathedral city, the proceedings of those local and central administrators whom he has criticised. His remarks are general, and have no individual bearing; he deals with types rather than with individuals. He has engaged in no controversy concerning himself personally with the Board of Education, and his relationships with its Inspectors have been without the slightest suspicion of friction. His own good fortune does not prevent him from seeing in the growth of centralisation, and the consequent diminution of the powers and prestige of the Headmaster, the gravest danger which now threatens Higher Education. The Headmaster personifies his School. If his prestige is impaired, he suffers, his colleagues suffer equally, his School still more. Secondary Education requires men, not measures.

One who holds such views has two alternatives. He may speak out now, when existing ills may yet be remedied, or, like Mr. Holmes, the pensionary and the censor of Whitehall, he may consent to a conspiracy of silence, and after a long career devoted to the reduction of the teacher to a state of routine slavery, he may frame his indictment in the sunny clime of Italy. The author prefers not to attack those whose tombs line both sides of the Flaminian

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Way, but to strike a blow for freedom which may yet be effective. In those words of Dante which are to be found on the title-page :

“Conscience dimmed, or by its own
Or other’s shame, will feel thy saying sharp.
Thou notwithstanding, all deceit removed,
See the whole vision be made manifest,
And let them wince who have their withers wrung.”

The rôle of candid critic is not always pleasing nor gratefully appreciated. But the author has attempted to see not only his side of the question, but all the other sides. He admits that there are failings discernible in himself and his professional brethren, that not all the arguments advanced by Assistant Masters in support of the campaign for the improvement of their condition—a most laudable aim—have equal force, that the sins of local bodies are due rather to crass ignorance than to malice. To all who profess some interest in Education, and in particular to all who claim to sit in authority—if only in an arm-chair—he might have dedicated this book, were it not that few of those for whom the book is chiefly destined are likely to read it—it is the usual fate of satires, tracts, and admonitions—and fewer still would enter into the point of view, Educational policy being

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largely controlled and inspired by the uneducated and—much more alarming!—the half-educated.

The views herein set forth are rarely expressed loudly and publicly, but they are widely held. They find utterance whenever two or three schoolmasters are gathered together. Desiring the expression of his opinions to be as fresh and spontaneous as possible, the author sedulously neglected to read any recent books on Education until the first draft of his book was completed. He found afterwards, however, that the views expressed some years ago by Messrs. Norwood and Hope¹ on the methods of the Board of Education and of Local Educational Authorities had much in common with his own, and that Dr. Hayward's denunciation² of Whitehall's attitude towards the Elementary Teacher, and his description of the outlook of the Elementary Teacher, amply justified his own remarks on these subjects.

The reader will doubtless discover that the book in its first draft was written before that most epoch-making of all days, August 4, 1914. Even since then opinion has moved in

¹ "Higher Education of Boys" (Murray).

² "The Psychology of Educational Administrators" (Ralph, Holland & Co.).

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some matters. For instance, with regard to the doctrine of Formal Training discussed on p. 196, Professor Welton¹ has declared recently that the attempt to observe and measure faculties in isolation assumes an independence of these faculties which is contrary to fact and rejected by the psychologist. We have thus the dilemma that "without artificial isolation no imitation of the method of physics is possible," and that the attempt to explain "even the simplest piece of actual spiritual life must remain purely and arbitrarily hypothetical." In other words, the psychological child resembles the economic man, whom Ruskin and others have denounced; there is no such person. It is a step forward to have this conceded.

The author has to acknowledge the courtesy of the Editor of *The Times* in permitting him to reprint in an appendix two letters which originally appeared in the Educational Supplement. In such letters, at meetings of the Headmasters' Association, and elsewhere the author has urged the danger of a predominant

¹ Professor Welton's views are quoted in *The Times*' Supplement of June 1915, in an interesting review of Dr. W. G. Sleight's "Educational Values and Methods." The reviewer believes that "transfer of power" is universal.

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Board of Education, both in relation to the Teachers' Register and as regards a national examination system. At the time he seemed almost alone, but there are signs that we are revising our opinions, influenced perhaps or repelled by the now too palpable results of officialism in Germany. The writer was one of the first to criticise Circular 849 in the correspondence columns of *The Times*, and urged that the Universities must still play a prominent part in any examination system. This thesis he maintained again at the January 1915 meeting of the Headmasters' Association, and was successful in carrying a rider to the official resolution, to the effect that the question whether "Junior Local" examinations should be taken or not ought to be a matter for the Headmaster's discretion. Since then the Liverpool Education Committee has strongly criticised the Circular, and we find *The Times* in recent articles suggesting that the Universities should become the representatives of the State in the work of inspection as well as of examination, and opposing rigidity in examinations. To a Board of Education official, we read, the Board stands for an indispensable means of progress, but a Board which abstains from issuing certificates and labels,

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which will encourage rather than dominate, will earn our gratitude. The Board would do well to take no steps to put new regulations into force; delay will help us to a wise solution.¹ In other words, "Drop it." One is perhaps justified in detecting here the symptoms of a healthy reaction.

The era of stupendous change through which we are now moving modifies in places some of the judgments of the author. Amid the clash of arms the Muses are silent. Education is at present in the background, but it will resume its prominence, and its problems will assuredly thrust themselves again upon our notice. The author is only confirmed in his certainty as to the pernicious effects of bureaucracy in Education, as he gazes at the spectacle of a nation "servile and spoonfed," whose most powerful intellects have "devoted themselves for many years past to teaching in German schools and colleges and universities the gospel of aggressive force," to "inoculating their fellow-countrymen with the virus of Anglo-phobia."² It is the last degradation of one of

¹ These expressions of opinion are taken from articles in the Supplements of April and July, 1915.

² The phrases are taken from a letter of the eminent publicist, Sir Valentine Chirol, dated August 7, 1914, which appeared in *The Times*.

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the world's noblest forces. Surely, whatever the future has in store, we shall not be tempted to prefer the machine to the individual, the material to the spiritual, but will spew out of our mouths neo-Prussian ideals of Education, realising that the greatest, and most glorious, and most lasting revolutions in the history of mankind are effected not by might nor by power, but by the spirit.

J. H. E. C.

September 1915.

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THE SONG OF DIDASCALUS

*Myself the warp and woof I weave
My thoughts into my School,
Both alchemist and crucible,
Hammer and anvil too.*

*The poet builds the master rhyme,
Lord of the mystic word;
I bring to birth the master deed,
And body forth a School.*

*I walk in a world of images,
I live in a land of dreams,
I know the music well enough,
Only the words are slow.*

*O life of thrill and phantasy,
Triumph and smart in turn,
Discord and rarest harmony,
Darkness and radiant hues.*

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CHAPTER I

THE MODERN JUVENAL

"Semper ego auditor? Nunquamne reponam?"

Is one always to be a listener? Must one answer never a word to those presidential addresses which have made Principal Outis so hoarse? Are Radical sentimentalists to escape scot-free when they declaim to the world their ideal of an educational policy or polity, and are Unionist doctrinaires to sketch their rival programme without let or hindrance? Must I sit quiet beneath that stream of soothing platitude which is ever kept on tap by Professor Gorgias, true type of rhetoric's *perpetuum mobile*; must I endure that interminable series, the monologues of Professor Protagoras, a pundit of many names and manifestations, monologues a full column in length? I confess with proper tears that Mr. Sadler, whose vocation is sweet

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reasonableness, has aroused my choler even as the just Aristides irritated his less worthy fellow-citizens. My ears still ring in leafy June with fainter or louder echoes of many a "stimulating" and "suggestive" causerie of January. The views of this or that Professor of Pedagogy on School desks, a subject of infinite possibilities and of tenderest moment to the "ischial tuberosities,"¹ the cinematograph, and the future of Education, are as familiar to me as my own name. The columns of our reviews and journals—halfpenny or half-crown—bulge with all the favoured nostrums of the reformer and the pet clichés of the publicist. When one meets an educationist in every railway carriage, it is the weakest clemency to retard for the briefest space the inevitable passage of pens and paper to the dust-heap. And one has bile enough to float a folio.

Surely this is the golden age of crank and enthusiast, fanatic and charlatan. Preceding epochs may have been lamentably impervious to new ideas; they may have stubbornly resisted that solvent Novelty, in science and art, religion and politics. *We* have changed all

¹ A phrase for which I am indebted to a recent educational handbook.

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that, and *our* forte is the broad view and the open mind. Of anything that had its birth but yesterday modern London is as tolerant as ancient Athens. We have lost faith in everything. We listen with the blindest interest now to one who finds in a Pankhurst the noblest figure in modern history, now to a philosopher who glorifies instinct at the expense of reason. We flock to enjoy the concentrated discordance of a Schonberg, we gaze with ardent admiration at the delirious nightmares of a Futurist, and pay respectful homage to the wearer of a blue wig. New modes of dress and thought—the order is correct—new habits, new theories of life rise like iridescent bubbles from the turgid current of affairs, and as one bursts another forms. We dabble in everything and are profound in nothing. Nor indeed do we desire to be profound. In this bewildering medley of everything and nothing one personage is strangely lacking. We are too frivolous or too undecided to be earnest, and therefore we lack the scourge of satire. Not that the satirist finds his occupation gone, and if he perished he would die of overwork rather than of inanition. Amid the hosts of Aunt Sallies that offer their smiling visages to the slings and arrows of outrageous criticism what

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easier mark than "Education," and what more suitable assailant than the Schoolmaster?

The educationist is abroad, or rather all the world and his wife are now educationists—for is not Mater a frequent contributor to the columns of the *Daily Telegraph*, and are not all cases of expulsion reviewed by the *Daily Mail* with its jury of one million readers? We have caught the eye of the able editor, who on off-days dilates "de omnibus rebus—et quibusdam aliis," we have ousted the sea-serpent from his pride of place in August, we have forced our way annually into Government shop-windows, but Pactolus does not yet flow through our back-gardens. From Suffragists to Labour leaders, from generals to journalists, from peers to panel doctors, from eugenists to philanthropists, we are all, gentle or simple, prudent or witless, fluent, nay, competent exponents of educational principles. The cant phrases of a Froebel or a Montessori are now the mode, and our Chesterfields are as free with advice—and as tight with the purse-strings—as that pattern of fine gentlemen. Is not a patron still one who suffers his client to languish in penury, and to die in a garret, and then forms a committee to erect a statue? We are alternately scourged and patted on the back, we gain more

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kicks than halfpence. But men cannot subsist on invitations to breakfast or even—be it said with bated breath—on commands to Royal garden-parties. That it is men, not walls, that make a city few deny. Yet to some governing bodies education is still a branch of architecture. What is an educationist? The qualifications are generously elastic. He is a man with a typewriter—or at need a fluent fountain-pen—and a complaisant editor. Our oracles ingeminate progress. But they are dumb when we inquire “in what direction?” or confuse us by the multiplicity of their counsels. *We* are a silent race. Our eloquence is rarely heard outside the four walls of our class-rooms, and when we venture beyond the limits of those halls in which we lord it “*magno cum murmure montis*,” we cast aside our thunders and lisp in gentlest accents. The babbling stream of importunate platitude runs on leaving us unmoved but not unruffled. Yet even the worm will turn, and even the schoolmaster exasperated into ferocity will sometimes stand at bay. Truly he needs the bludgeon of a Juvenal or the stiletto of a Swift as a weapon of defence. Though we have neither, we will, within the limits of our powers, deal faithfully with our adversaries,

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plying the stout stick of reason and the truncheon of experience.

“But,” says a critic, “you are out in your metaphors. Your warfare is the warfare of the knight of La Mancha.” So be it! We will, in any case, tilt our lance if only at a windmill. Our mark is of a goodly dimension; we shall at any rate not smite the air. Or if our Rozinante prove mutinous beyond his wont, we will even sling our pocketful of stones at Mór-gante and Malambruno, at Gog and Magog, and all their compeers. If we cannot slay Goliath, we may at least give him a headache. Have at him!

CHAPTER II

THE HERO AS SCHOOLMASTER

"Huge he stood
With Atlantean shoulders fit to bear
The weight of mightiest monarchies."

"illi robur et æs triplex
circa pectus."

A PITIABLE figure does the Schoolmaster cut in literature. No lyrist has hymned his joys or sorrows, or celebrated the something attempted, something done, which takes him to his couch at an hour much later than the bedtime of the Village Blacksmith. One at least of our mystery has won poetic fame, but the dirge of the Clifton mill casts no glorious halo round our brows.¹ The creator of Teufelsdröckh might have written a chapter on the hero as school-

¹ I'm here at Clifton, grinding at the mill,
My feet for thrice nine barren years have trod ;
But there are rocks and waves at Scarlett still,
And gorse runs riot in Glen Cass—thank God !

There is no silence here ; the truculent quack
Insists with acrid screech my ears to prod.

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master, and surely would have done full justice to the lyrico-romantic aspects of the subject, but, to our heavy loss, he has refrained. What a procession of brutalest of bullies, fawningest of sycophants ; what a rout of the most fatuous of pedants, the most ludicrous of harlequins, the most childish of charlatans steps across the boards as the mind summons up a pageant of schoolmasters such as poet and novelist have limned them ! What a character do memoir and biography portray in no less vivid colours ! Orbilius and Thwackum, Keate and Busby, Squeers and Blimber, dominie Sampson (O prodigious one !), and magister Holiday, what a contemptible crew the world deems us ! After terrific struggles an Arnold, Thring, or Almond wins a loftier pedestal and " hovers on the lips of men," but the rest pass by one step into oblivion. It would have been fitting that Virgil in anticipatory gratitude for our services to him should have enrolled

Pragmatic fibs surround my soul and bate it
With measured phrase, that asks the assenting nod.

O broken life ! O wretched bits of being,
Unrhythmic, patched, the even and the odd !
But Bradda still has lichens worth the seeing,
And thunder in her caves—thank God ! thank God !

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us in that holy band of prophets, priests, philanthropists

“quique pii vates et Phœbo digna locuti,
inventas aut qui vitam excoluere per artes,
quique sui memores alios fecere merendo.”¹

But Virgil did not take the step downward (or upward?) from the sage to the schoolmaster, and Dante, his devoted follower, places Priscian in a specially disgraceful corner of Male Bolge. Ridicule is the world's revenge for the terrors and tribulations of youth—it is a *damnatio memoriæ*, deserved perhaps by our tyranny, it is the aftermath of “*oderint dum metuant*.”

Yet the schoolmaster can be, and sometimes is, a hero. Whether or not history is, as Carlyle said, the biography of great men, the history of our great schools is largely the biography of our great Headmasters, a thrilling series of epics in which perils are faced, dangers overcome, and beasts fought with at Ephesus. That cramping routine may gain the mastery is the danger that lurks everywhere, and well-nigh every school needs at times, and often calls for vainly, a Hercules who shall

¹ “Holy bards who uttered strains worthy of Phœbus, or they who by inventions furthered men's progress, and they who by desert made others mindful of them.”

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clean out its Augean stables. Insubordinate masters, mutinous boys, refractory and wrong-headed Governors—and would it not seem that the great Headmasters have too often found in their governing bodies the greatest difficulty of all?—these are the lions in the path. Yet not a few times have these same monsters been constrained by the determination of some Greatheart to slink away, cowed, crestfallen, and dejected.

Let us glance then at the history of a few of the worthies of the past, thus gaining some conception of what the ideal may be, and observing how nearly it has been attained.

The leading events of Arnold's life should be too well known to need repetition. Appointed Headmaster of Rugby in 1827, he soon made good the prophecy that he would change the face of education in England. Possessed with a fiery earnestness that would break out on all occasions, he was a strong man with all the strong man's determination to carry a principle to its extreme, if it be based on justice, careless, as he once said, whether Rugby was a School of three hundred or of fifty boys, but resolved that it should be a School of honourable gentlemen with upright principles. The condition on which he took office was that the

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trustees' remedy must be dismissal, not interference; and he resisted all such interference, deeming such resistance a duty not only to himself but to the master of every foundation school in England. His vehement personality with its occasional stormy outbursts not uncombined with manifestations of great kindness towards his younger pupils, his bold and vivid expression in the Rugby pulpit and elsewhere of his views and decisions, make him the Chatham of Headmasters without Chatham's 'Ercles vein. There is the same note of bigness, of intenseness, the same disregard of all obstacles to his fixed purpose, leading almost inevitably to the complete achievement of those designs, that same imperiousness which, dangerous quality as it is, seems an essential in the equipment of a hero. A mind duly receptive of novelties in the realm of thought, an enthusiastic interest in all intellectual advance—a quality which would have led him to resign his Headmastership on the very ground that Headmasters despite themselves must inevitably in the course of ten or fifteen years lose their freshness and sensitiveness to new things, and that he must therefore seek another vocation—an interest in intellectual advance not inconsistent with an adamant adherence to the

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fundamentals which he had accepted, a lofty dignity which was without a trace of pomposity, which was entirely dissevered from a reverence for the merely conventional, a feeling which the truly great man with his real sense of proportion and proper scale of values rarely cherishes, an ardent love of learning in its most highly intellectualised form, combined with a conviction that intellect without strength of character was as dust in the balance—when we have other Arnolds we may look for other Rugbies, scandalised as a Minister of Education would be at such a portent. One wonders whether fifteen years at Rugby killed Arnold.¹ A life lived at such high intellectual and moral pressure could scarcely, one would think, have been further prolonged. He was indeed

“A fiery soul which working out its way,
Fretted the pigmy body to decay
And o'er-informed the tenement of clay.”

In Thring we find a less commanding personality and a different point of view. Arnold had held himself free to rid himself of mauvais sujets in the interests of the School at large.

¹ Arnold became Professor of Modern History at Oxford, a post for which in the encyclopædic and prespecialistic age of Scholarship men of his stamp were well fitted. O happy they!

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Thring, however, felt that the best in every boy must be summoned forth, developed, and encouraged, that the smoking flax must neither be quenched nor the bruised reed be broken. As every boy must have individual attention, the numbers in any house were perforce limited. Uppingham being at the outset largely a private venture, Assistant Masters must needs combine financial, intellectual, and moral qualifications for their office, and it was necessary that they should invest some capital in the School, with doubtful prospects of a successful venture. The disciplinary results of this policy were unsatisfactory. Thring, who kept a copious diary,¹ a proceeding not on all grounds to be recommended to an overwrought Headmaster, is ever denouncing the misconceptions or the misfeasances of his colleagues and shareholders. "I cannot govern these men, I have failed"; more defiantly, "I am supreme here"; despondently again, "I am at my wits' end," such are the remarks evoked by his co-partners' failure to combine worldliness and other-worldliness in their proper proportions. "How pleasant my profession would be if I could only get rid of the masters," he once observes, an interest-

¹ Much information as to Thring has been derived from Parkin's Life.

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ing aspiration for the evolution of a School in vacuo. The outpourings of this autocrat by temperament and by principle give no doubt a wrong impression. Swiftly as the spasms of depression approach and drive away the memories of the hours of glorious exaltation, no teacher passes his hours in unrelieved sadness. The very process of clarifying one's thoughts by setting them down on paper is a soothing Aristotelian purgation, and at gracious intervals we pass a cheering milestone or a day is lived fitly to be noted with chalk. Thring can tell us at times of great advance, of generous support, of unstinted sympathy or unwavering loyalty, of some speech to the School in which he flatters himself—a life-like touch—that arguments denouncing some misdeed or wrongful practice have had a telling effect. Such triumphs were doubtless rich compensations for those hours in which he was "sick of parental jaw," prepared, if necessary, "to defy the devil and all his works," compensations even for the grievous burden of financial risk which ever weighed him down, and "the unnecessary bloodsucking of those absurd but deadly little jealousies, tempers, and perpetual baitings." "Strange querulous sort of affair" as the diary was, it assuredly served its purpose.

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How often, indeed, must a Headmaster of normal sensibility smite his breast and chide his heart like Odysseus of old, and give vent to that noble outburst, "Endure, my heart; yea, a baser thing thou once didst bear," or murmur to himself the Virgilian variant:

"O passi graviora, dabit deus his quoque finem."

How often, too, must he envy the self-controlled their phlegm! Perhaps these self-communings evoke our sympathy but diminish our reverence. Yet Thring, despite his diary, achieved heroic things. Out of a small Grammar School he created a great Public School with a distinctive ethos. When epidemics threatened and rural councils dallied, his transference of the School to Borth in Cardiganshire was a Napoleonic feat without parallel in the annals of Headmastership.¹

From Uppingham we pass to Shrewsbury. Benjamin Hall Kennedy is rather a polymath than a paladin. Still the great scholar is always something of a Titan. That man was cast in heroic or at least Gargantuan mould who delves deep into the mines of learning, bears off in triumph many a massy ingot, yet

¹ We owe to Thring also the Headmasters' Conference, the first body in which Schoolmasters met in Parliament.

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is not weighed down under the precious burden but carries it lightly as a flower—inapt as the image seems for one so clumsy in his build and gait—or even flings it about with boisterous exuberance. Succeeding to the labours of Butler—another great Headmaster whose achievements have been worthily celebrated by his grandson, Samuel Butler of Erewhon fame—he made his School the most learned School in England, and sent forth from his Sixth Form scholars who, in all the various competitions of the Universities, vanquished with the utmost ease undergraduates of Oxford or Cambridge who were their seniors by several terms; scholars who won more First Classes, more University Prizes and Fellowships than the pupils of any other School in England.¹ Kennedy showed the world what could be accomplished in the intellectualising of a Public School, a task which still might be taken in hand in many seminaries. He is described² as a man of remarkable and impressive appearance. “His well-cut features, dark, flashing eyes, springing step, and dignified bearing are

¹ I do not seek to eulogise the pursuits of the “pot-hunter.” I believe, however, that the honours thus gained were the outward and visible signs of a true love and ardent pursuit of learning.

² How, *Six Great Headmasters*, p. 99.

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not easily forgotten by any who knew him at that time. He could be bland and playful on occasion, but on the other hand he could terrify a small boy out of his wits by the ferocity of his expression." The title of greatest classical teacher of his century seems justified by the long line of eminent scholars which issued from the portals of Shrewsbury during his reign. His teaching "*sank in*, to a great extent owing to his astounding vigour and quickness. . . . He seemed to fill the room with his presence, a sort of incarnate *hoc age* which only long practice in Sixth Form life enabled one occasionally to disregard."¹ He was steeped in the Classics and everything concerned with them, and could throw off with equal facility an elegiac condemnation of papal aggression or a translation of a summons to a committee meeting to discuss the momentous question of the laying of some gas-pipes. His translations in class were always vigorous and poetical, while his sonorous voice and eye in a fine frenzy rolling could inspire all with his enthusiasm. If he translated Demosthenes "he is not merely translating Demosthenes, he is Demosthenes speaking

¹ "My Sixth Form," he said, "is the hardest Sixth Form in England, and I intend it to be so."

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extempore in English. The voice is modulated in a most expressive manner—description, question, dilemma, invective, sarcasm—all are rendered in their most appropriate tones. But the voice gets louder and the pace quickens as he nears the end, and when he stops you might hear a pin drop.”¹

He endeared himself to his pupils, who found that the flashes of lightning and claps of thunder amid which he would formally expel perhaps the whole Sixth Form, and announce to them by what coach they would depart, were followed by the sunniest weather. We may note also that those who measure every School by its numbers would be disconcerted here. At the zenith of Kennedy's greatness the numbers did not average more than 150, and even once fell below 100, chiefly owing to the discomforts that had to be endured in the Shrewsbury boarding-houses.

One more Headmaster shall be added to our gallery. George Granville Bradley, like Thring at Uppingham, created a School; but on different lines. The injunction, “Be good, and let who will be clever,” is based upon a fallacy. Bradley, without injury to the morals of Marlborough, raised it to a much higher intellectual level

¹ Mr. Heitland, quoted by How, p. 116.

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than Uppingham ever attained. He groaned at first that he was doomed to teach a set of "country parsons' sons drawn from the slowest-witted class of the community,"¹ but the parsons' sons soon proved that they could hold their own with all comers.

Bradley had a special gift for teaching Latin Prose. "He loved the subject and made it a real engine of liberal education, stimulating powerfully the observation and thought of his pupils in the endeavour to express modern ideas in the language of Cicero."² "Here was a teacher born to the work, possessed by his subject, rich in experience, with an energy that seemed inexhaustible; teaching, indeed, Latin Prose, but finding in it an opening for endless excursions into larger fields of language and literature. At last, when wit, learning, denunciation, jest, and earnest had done their work, he would dictate a fair version of the passage, in which every word seemed to have its exact value and to fall into its proper place."³

Too often in the past has an Assistant Master at a Public School been an independent potentate, and the annals of the great Schools contain

¹ How, p. 238.

² *Ibid.*, p. 242.

³ *Ibid.*, p. 244, quotation from Professor Butcher.

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many records of vendettas long in duration as the siege of Troy, of internecine strife without truce and without cessation, terminated only by the death or departure of one of the combatants. Bradley, who considered that a Headmaster should not only reign but govern, insisted on being the real director of Marlborough. He hated all slackness, and his censure of this, the deadliest of all scholastic sins, knew no limits. Yet he was admired and even loved by his masters, for if he preached the need of strenuousness he gave an example better than all precepts. For a young master he summed up in a few pithy words the whole duty of a schoolmaster: "I don't want a man who will just give an hour's lesson and then go off with his hands in his pocket, whistling an air as if he had no more to do with his boys."¹ As Mr. Thompson, the master in question, truly adds, "Better this than a whole library of tracts on education." Dean Stanley also tells us: "If I were asked to name what most I learned from him I should say it is the sense of constant, stimulating, provoking, advancing pressure, which he put on me and on all who had to do anything with him; that stimulated effort of constantly probing things to the bottom,

¹ How, p. 255.

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that exactness of scholarship, that exactness of historical information, that discontent with anything vague or imperfect."

We have described Bradley's methods and characteristics at some length, because it is well that the world should understand what is meant by a great teacher and Headmaster, because from the practical point of view, as far as intellectual efficiency and methodical organisation are concerned, Bradley, though not so great a scholar as Kennedy, and certainly a less original force than Arnold, must take a very high place. We cannot wonder that men like Tennyson sent their sons not to Marlborough but to Bradley.

So far our exemplars have been Headmasters. We would not have it thought, however, that Assistant Masters have not produced their quota of heroes, their Bowens, their T. E. Browns, their Irwins, a vast cloud of witnesses indeed. The average Schoolmaster, the average man, and the average boy do not exist, but for all that we will essay the delineation of the Schoolmaster of the present. *He* shall be an Assistant, for we fear that Councils and Departments are conspiring to place the great Headmaster with the Great Auk and the Mastodon.

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Our Schoolmaster, then, is one who perforce practises plain living and high thinking. He is required to be, if possible, as learned as a Don, as athletic as a Fry, as genteel as a physician, as upright as a bank-manager, as moral as a parson. He cherishes a fugitive and cloistered virtue. His pursuits, his inclinations, and his means confine him within a small circle of acquaintances, and his intercourse with the great world is slight. His hand has been subdued to the material it works in ; he has taken his School for better or for worse, and would regard separation from it with as much horror as a divorce. He lives and has his being in a little world where, to a large extent, his word is law ; he is restricted by nothing save the co-ordinate jurisdiction of his colleagues. He is not for the fashion of these times where none will sweat but for promotion, and he is a noble pattern of the constant service of the antique world where service sweat for duty, not for need. His duties are never ended. He is expected, and readily accepts the obligation, to regard all that is connected with the School as his concern. School holds dominion in his mind, and School "shop" is the staple of his conversation. The limits of the School domain

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are his horizon, and he has no desire to mingle with the members of the mercantile class who socially take rank beside him. He does his thinking for himself, and is therefore not so sure in his opinions nor so vehement in their enunciation as the quidnunc fresh from his favourite journal. Reserved in manner and reticent in expression of judgments on the constitution of the universe, he shrinks from self-advertisement with a maiden's shyness, and regards blatancy as one of the seven deadly sins. He shuns vulgarity as he would shun the plague, and is repelled beyond all others by the captain of industry, consumed as that personage so often is by one sole-ruling idea, contemptuous of aught else. How can he be at ease with the worldling who has no soul, or sold it long ago for a song? So he stands austere aloof, hiding both his poverty and his parts beneath a bushel. He struggles manfully on, a fitting impersonation of Juvenal's shivering integrity, though you never catch his teeth chattering. He is, as some would say, a Helot who may not get drunk.

And what of his reward? A tea-service or an illuminated address in process of years, a purse of gold even. Possibly, too, when his years lie heavy on him, the bowstring or "the

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sack" on the accession of a new Headmaster, but never a pension, and rarely a salary ample enough to compensate for the absence of a pension. Our profession knows much of unregarded age in corners thrown, and many a stalwart warrior must still, like Adam, look for comfort to Him that providently caters for the sparrow.

We must admit that our Schoolmaster's susceptibilities, and his sensibilities, are fully, even too fully developed. He broods at times over a grievance which a microscope would fail to reveal, and a colleague who treads upon his toes will be denounced with suitable vigour. But treat him as an equal, suggest rather than prescribe, hint rather than command, and you will find no more willing yoke-fellow.

He has a great liking for boys, though if he is of the older school he will not wear his heart upon his sleeve, and boys in turn like him despite all their denunciations of him as a beast, or for variety, a brute. For he has a real sense of justice, and regards himself not as a tyrant but as a judge. He knows the pleas that may be advanced for youthful error as well as the indictments which may be urged against it, and he has as rich a store of sentiment as an old bachelor should properly possess. His mastery

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of boys grows with advancing years, and the circle of his influence extends in ever-widening rings. He knows all the minute differences in the leading traits of unregenerate or regenerate boyhood, though he is ever meeting with fresh variations of the old themes. He has sometimes more influence than a parent, for he has equal sympathy, greater understanding, and greater firmness. He can overawe the mutinous, reason with the froward, encourage the dejected, admonish the thoughtless. Sometimes, not always, he has the sense of humour, and then the ready jest or the apt rejoinder is found a more useful weapon than the furious denunciation or the bitter threat. To the School to which maybe he has given his life he is devoted with a single-hearted and unquestioning loyalty, he has made the grand refusal and is profoundly thankful. As the years glide by and the grey creeps over his temples, he becomes a landmark, a repository of precedents. Old Boys write to him, and find themselves pouring out their souls to the erstwhile martinet, the rock-like Rhadamanthys of earlier years. He has age's great consolation—honour, respect, and troops of friends. Heads may come, and Heads may go, but he still guards the interests of the School, and his old pupils

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still can feel that all's well with the world. Having become the servant of all he finds himself master of all. He is consulted in difficulties by the Headmaster, and the clouds are soon dispelled. He has his own way always, for he has learnt to manage Heads even more easily than to manage boys. The Head may rule the School and lord it over his Governors, but it is our hero who subtly and invisibly directs the Head. "Quod se minorem dis gerit imperat."

To the world at large he seems reticent, and finding him undisputatious you would vote him a dull fellow if you met him in the train. But he is skilled in a profound lore, and though he has never in his life read a treatise on Child-Study, to him the mind of boyhood is an open book. Nothing boyish is alien to him. In his intercourse with his colleagues he adopts the sententious style; he is perhaps too didactic, too full of the mannerisms of the Class-Room, from whose platform he can never descend. He is conservative in his tendencies, profoundly distrustful of the glib Professor of Pedagogy—word that sets his teeth on edge—touring the world like the Sophists of old with an *ἐπίδειξις* of eloquent platitudes culled from the book of commonplaces which he keeps so carefully.

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He does not frequent professional meetings,¹ but meekly accepts their decisions, and lights his pipe with their magazines, having previously perused them. He marvels at the modern agitator and is his despair, for he lacks that selfishness which is the prime characteristic of the successful Trades-Unionist, and had as lief be a psychologist as a politician. His integrity is beyond reproach, his morals are blameless, yet, thank Heaven!—and it may be said with perfect consistency—he is a man of the world, neither a mystic nor a pietist. He is not convinced that Paris is worth a mass, and will turn neither his coat nor his collar, though he rarely denounces those who have out-distanced him in life's race by so doing. He belongs to an irritable race, but all ends in smoke, and if you pass near his common-room your nostrils are saluted by the fumes of that cherished brand with which he soothes his sorrows and forgets his grievances. He is punctilious as to trifles, and exacts a full meed of deference from his younger colleagues. Like Cato, he gives his little senate laws, but the senate generally accepts them with acclamation.

Thus does he run his course, and as he

¹ These occur in the holidays, and he has more wit than to be there, as a modern Lady Fairfax might say.

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ponders o'er the mysterious dispensations of the Fates, and compares himself with the parvenu who rolls past him in his motor, or with some shopman with the touch of Midas, he oftentimes strives to take comfort in the thought that it is he and his colleagues after all who are the salt of the earth. It may be he is right.

CHAPTER III

THE PARISH PUMP

VENERABLE, time-honoured symbol of the local patriot, fit emblem, with thy faded paint, thy narrow stem, and thy continual cascade of the Seven Sleepers, of the contracted mind, and of the drip of never-ending controversy, with what reverence, with what anguish, must we gaze upon thy battered, ancient features! How faint and feeble all our efforts to praise thee fitly! For in truth laid up in some Platonic realm of abstract existences there *must* abide an archetypal Parish Pump, the magnum opus of some master-hand, some vates sacer, a volume destined at some long future day to pass into this world of shadows, but as yet, outside the bounds of space and time, united in coeval and co-honoured majesty with the prime original of that supreme Tale of a Tub. Tubs, as the greatest of satirists has told us, are excellent playthings for the leviathan, yet who would compare them with the linked charm and usefulness of the Pump? Only a

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Hardy could describe in all their fullness the thronging activities that centre in it. Built to commemorate whether some royal jubilee, some triumph of the British arms, the death or majority of some "never-to-be-forgotten" squireling, what associations does it cluster round it, what controversies has it excited! Well might its eulogist, borrowing for the nonce the sublime idea and rhythm of the youthful Rutland, sighingly exclaim:

"Charters and statutes on the dust-heap dump,
Let trade and commerce leave us in the hump,
But spare, O gracious Heaven, spare our Parish Pump!"

Infants have gamboled around it, small boys have chalked upon it, have sucked the reluctant rill that oozes from its sightless caverns, or in all the exuberance of superfluous vigour have wasted its sweetness on the desert paving-stones, dogs have barked nigh at hand or lapped its puddles, lovers have made it a place of tryst, the village idiot has propped his flaccid form against its massive bole, the forsaken reveller staggering homeward has invoked in its cool beverage a new spirit to redress the balance of the old, or sought the cold douche of returning sense. As it stands seemingly defiant of the laws of gravity, pour-

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ing forth to its faithful votaries from abysmal depths perennial streams of that liquid rightly hymned from Pindar to Sir Wilfred Lawson as the best of all things, mightiest triumph of hydrostatics—mysterious science!—who can withhold the meed of fitting praise, who wonder that in dreams its figure gains fresh majesty, and looming phantasmal in the visions of the night assumes the semblance of the guillotine, wringing from one perforce a slumbrous moriturus saluto?

But enough of dithyrambs. The theme is vast, so vast that one fragment only of the mighty story may be attempted here, the deed of two politicians, Balfour and McKenna, "*par nobile fratrum*" despite divergences in creeds, and how the twain in wanton flouting of a famous precept, nailed to the pump a whole profession's ears.

The tale of woe has its beginning in the year of grace 1902. Then it was that Mr. Balfour's Education Bill, blessed with a happier fate than its two predecessors, passed on to the Statute Book, and local authorities were permitted, nay! admonished, to take in hand the work of administering and developing Secondary Education. But—an equally important and far more controvertible step—the

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old School Boards were abolished and Education was consigned to the City and County Councils, bodies already overburdened by their other duties, and totally inexperienced. Education became the younger sister of Baths and Sewage, Tramways and Electricity, and therefore appointments to the Education Committee were generally in the nature of consolation prizes, awarded to those who were not fortunate enough to be elected to the more important Committees. Bodies which had gained at least some experience of educational problems were swept away at the very moment that greater powers—powers the misuse of which was fraught with consequences far more severe—were bestowed upon the municipalities. Though the School Boards were not perfect, in many cases men of some distinction who were repelled by the vulgarities and petty controversies of ordinary civic life were willing to come forward as candidates for election, and the personnel of the Boards, at any rate in favoured places, compared advantageously with that of the Town Councils, still more with that of the Boards of Guardians.

The new bodies manifested much zeal in furthering the advance of Secondary Education. In some cases higher-grade schools were

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converted into Secondary Schools by a few coats of paint and a new inscription over their portals, and the painter's brush became a magic wand. In other cases new schools were founded which, as far as staff, methods, and ideals were concerned, were on all fours with those of the first class. Though a decade is a short space in which to judge a school's development, it is a safe assertion that not one of the Schools of the new era shows any signs of developing into a School of great ideals or even of a high intellectual standard. Science, Mathematics, and Modern Languages are naturally the most favoured subjects, but where the pupils are well instructed they are rarely well educated. Of the dignity of education, of the delights of learning for its own sake, of *Geistlichkeit*, in a word, they have no glimmer of a conception.¹ One explanation of the failure of the new school is probably that it has been boycotted, effectively but unostentatiously, by members of the older universities,

¹ Not that I can descry amongst our Public Schools or amongst our smaller Grammar Schools many shrines of intellectualism. Far from it. But whatever their pupils may be in the mass, they have at any rate contact with some men of high enthusiasms; certainly many individuals have passed from the Schools in question inspired with a high love of learning, and in nearly all such Schools there is that quality which Matthew Arnold rightly desiderated, dignity.

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whose aid must for the present be first invoked in entering upon that most arduous task, the building up of a great School. It is in the smaller mushroom schools—schools of less than one hundred boys—that the most flagrant examples of inefficiency are to be found. Whitehall has steadily pursued the policy of urging the building of a large number of small inferior schools rather than the foundation of a small number of large schools. A school without its proper complement of specialist masters must in the present day sink into the slough of mediocrity, and the failure of these schools is not less glaring because the Board of Education cannot for very shame pronounce them inefficient. The lot of a Headmaster in a small Secondary School must be singularly unblest. A meagre stipend on which it is vain for him to attempt any appearance of dignity, a salary which he desperately strives to increase by taking in boarders at a ruinous rate,¹ a few of these boarders, who are a vast tax upon his attention and that of his wife, the risk of an epidemic, and the still graver risk that fees will not be paid, such are the ills that

¹ In the present enlightened age Dotheboys Hall has become Dothemasters Hall, and Mr. Squeers has been starved and satirised out of existence.

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bring a premature old age. He has, perhaps, also, to importune his day-boys for their fees, a pleasing task when their fathers are small farmers; and the writer has himself been present at a Headmasterial address in which the fees were requested with almost the eloquence of a charity sermon, and in which virtue was stimulated by the promise of a school half-holiday when all were paid. And last of all these woes—perhaps a slight infliction—the Headmaster must teach whatever subjects his coadjutors cannot or will not teach, from agricultural chemistry to vocal music or manual training.

The Municipal and County Secondary Schools were the first-fruits of Mr. Balfour's legislation. In 1906 Mr. McKenna or his advisers issued an ukase, epoch-making in its effects, not upon the newer schools, which needed no improvements of this sort, but upon the many schools of older foundation which had been ensnared into accepting a Government grant, on which they were now dependent. No school could receive a grant unless a majority of its Governors were appointed by a popularly-elected body, and unless free scholars from elementary schools were annually admitted to the extent of at least one quarter

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of the admissions of the previous year.¹ By this regulation the great majority of the older Endowed Schools and Grammar Schools were delivered to the local authorities bound hand and foot.

Eight years have passed since these calamitous regulations were issued—years which by a just retribution have been spent by Mr. McKenna in flitting uneasily from one department to another, in being bullied by Lord Charles Beresford and chased by suffragettes, while Mr. Balfour in his turn has been attempting vainly to lead a mutinous opposition, and sustaining General Election débâcles. This book must not aim at the severe appearance of a scientific treatise, but the documentation of its statements would be easy, and in dealing with these important developments of local government one may hope to make a slight contribution to contemporary history. Evidence is now accumulating which enables the student to pass a verdict upon the policies of the two

¹ Thus if, from September 1912 to July 1913, sixty boys entered, fifteen "Free-Placers" must be admitted in September 1913. In many Schools the proportion of "Free-Placers" has increased yearly, both because all admissions, even of boys who might chance to stay only one term, are counted, and also because once the process starts obviously the numbers admitted increase by a regular progression.

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statesmen and their results. The evidence is to be found in official reports, in speeches at educational conferences, and chiefly in every local newspaper.

The local paper deserves almost as lofty a panegyric as the parish pump itself. If, Reader, it is your habit, as it should be, to explore your own delightful native land, after you have inspected the parish church, the market, and all the local places of interest, neglect not to demand of mine host a copy of the local journal. North, South, East, and West, it matters not. You will find much delectation for the spirit, and much food for thought. The future Gibbon, if we can conceive any who will submit to the *peine forte et dure* of writing a modern history, will doubtless con the files of the great journals of our capital, but if he has a mind to paint the modes, to depict the everyday life of the twentieth century, he must above all pore even to blindness over the annals of the local press.

The local journalist must not be summed up as a chronicler of small beer, he will slake his thirst with skim-milk on occasion. He has an insatiable appetite for details, however trivial, and an unbounded interest in his neighbour, however respectable. All is fish that comes

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into his net, from the brilliant youthful success of Master Percy Toddler, pupil of Miss Angelina Jenkins, in a Scale and Arpeggio test, to our esteemed townsman, Mr. Robinson's new line of socks, for which our advertisement columns may be consulted. It is indeed almost a distinction not to appear occasionally in the *Muddleham Mercury*. All municipal storms in a teacup, the question—on which the fate of empires depends—whether the schoolmistress, uncertificated of course, shall have £5 per annum more, or the master of the Workhouse 5s. a week less, portraits of the latest happy pair who have taken the fatal plunge, or of the last respected inhabitant whose demise is universally regretted, congratulations to some Muddleham veteran who is eighty not out, epistolary contributions from such ardent and un-sleeping publicists as Nemo, Constant Reader, Justice, Vigilant, afford the student of mankind much entertainment. Not the least entertaining part of the journal is the report of the proceedings of the various bodies, in which report Mr. Councillor Booby and Mr. Alderman Witless air their views at much length and in inverse proportion to their judgment and discretion. The climax of sensationalism is reached in October. It is then de rigueur

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for all candidates for re-election and their supporters to speak with vehemence on every subject. November gives us the speeches of the successful and the rejected. The cynic who reads the rival effusions of Blues and Buffs, who have not altered much since Mr. Pickwick's day, may derive a roguish pleasure from proving out of the mouths of both parties that there is no honest politician, no not one; that a river of beer has flowed or an abundance of crowns has been scattered, that the intelligence of the electors has been sadly befogged, and their purity grossly stained. Confusion is heightened by the difficulty of deciding the point at issue, though men are certain, like Caspar, that it was a famous victory. In this realm of organised hypocrisy and concerted calumny, it makes little difference whether Blue or Buff secures election. Perhaps one party has slightly more regard for the rate-payer, and is slightly more resolved to keep rates down, but both are emphatic in wearing their rue with a difference. Indeed, the spirit of faction seems almost some inheritance from the primitive man, some blind subconscious impulse which drives him to fight his neighbour, he knows not why, he knows not how.

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It is then not so much the policy of these bodies, if purblind cheese-paring can be dignified with the title policy, as their personnel that demands the juster criticism. A full history of the proceedings of some local bodies would resolve itself into a prose Dunciad. The fact is dimly recognised even by the parties concerned. Laments are poured forth at regular intervals as to the difficulty of finding men with adequate gifts of character and intellect to perform duties which would seem to demand some measure of ability. In Shakespeare's time Dogberry and Verges were members of the local police force ; they have now been promoted to the deliberations of the Watch Committee. Let an outsider, however, hint any doubts as to the efficiency of our local governors, and both parties will combine to turn and rend him. In one of his most blazing indiscretions Lord Salisbury declared that most villages would prefer a circus to a parish council. Some assemblies combine the two attractions. A visit to such is at least as exciting as a visit to a passing menagerie, and indeed Wombwell or the great Lord George might take a hint or two from the jigs and antics of our village senators. There are roughly two classes of members, those who

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are useful and those who are not (the majority); those who waste words and those who are economical of them. The former show a marked disposition to wrangle over the veriest trifles, and to indulge in acrimonious personalities. "Silence is golden" is the inscription above all others which should adorn the walls of a Council Chamber, but when the reporter hangs upon a man's lips, ready, anxious, to take down every precious syllable, what orator can resist the lure of fame, however transient? Moreover, some still cherish the delusion that a public body which despatches its business quickly is neglectful of its duties. The truth is that all real work is done in committee, and that if this work has received proper attention, there is no need for another more public performance of the same drama, this strutting and posturing on a mimic stage. Young children love to play at being somebody. In later years we cannot indulge in these diversions unless we are public men, and when a public body meets merely to ratify the decisions of a conclave held behind the scenes, the farce is in truth often well acted. Where efficiency exists matters are generally in the hands of a junta, which has acquired rightly or wrongly a reputation for ability. Fowlers or Chamberlains

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are rare, unfortunately, in small towns. Such men, autocratic and intolerant of opposition as they often are, can generally choose their subordinates well, and under such a régime the machine may work quite smoothly. But if Mayors and Chairmen lack the qualities of leadership, if the lathe painted to look like iron is a woeful substitute for the heavier metal, if the tin-pot mediocrity or the silver-plated incompetent nominally rules, cruel is the lot of those who work with them. Lewis Carroll describes with much humour the caucus race, a competition in which people began when they pleased and left off as they liked, and everybody had a prize. This may not be an allegory, but it is a lifelike description of a Committee out of hand. Members speak as they please and on what subjects they please, and the joyous realm of Wonderland is realised once more. True, everyone has not a prize, but be it an attendance-officer, or a school-keeper, or a rate-collector who is required, each man does his best to secure the prize for his own devoted friend.

The price of liberty is perpetual vigilance, the price of popular control is perpetual suspicion. Yet any man who knew his business and would condescend to deception could with

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the utmost ease hoodwink an assembly of amateurs and semi-literates,¹ which has no knowledge of the principles or the details of his trade. "Quis custodiet custodes?" The question has been left unanswered by our statesmen. The heathen in their blindness bow down to wood and stone, and in like manner the Philistines of our public bodies have a healthy fear of any Government Department, and of its myrmidons. Perhaps even the Mumbo Jumbo of Whitehall, with its muttered incantations of "mandamus, vetamus, non solvemus" (you must, you must not, no grant), is better than absolutely nothing.

In handing over to local elected bodies the real control of Secondary Schools, Whitehall hoped to secure from these bodies liberal subventions. Except in the North of England and in London, the anticipation has not been realised. Rates are the tradesman's bugbear and the farmer's anathema. One must indeed

¹ Probably every town can supply its apt example of this illiteracy. Here are three. In a certain Northern borough a new road was called Avenue road, a phonetic reproduction of the watchword of the chief advocate of the road. In a town hard by, when it was proposed to put a gondola on a park pond, a Councillor pressed for two in order that they might breed. How often is a bequest made to a public body in the moving phrase of the donor, "for hever and for hay"!

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agree with both as to the folly of assessing a man's contribution to local needs by the size of his house or shop, or the breadth of his acres. There is a host of arguments which are imponderable in the shopman's balance. There is a world the other side of a tradesman's counter into which few vaulting spirits ever pass, and those whose attention is fixed on big turnovers and cutting prices must stick to their yard-measures or to their scales. The farmer is still more miserly. Children must shiver in rural schools lest the coal bill mount too high, lest some bucolic humorist being informed that the Schoolroom must be heated to a temperature of 60° Fahrenheit should reply that tomatoes can be grown at that temperature.¹ The payment of a dole of £30 per annum to uncertificated women teachers is justified by the Chairman of an Education Committee, who would be ashamed to treat his own domestics so scandalously, on the ground that they were once paid only £15.²

Local control is seen at its worst in the

¹ One would like to know whether the temperature of this Committee room is kept down to the same level as that of the Schools governed by it. Perhaps, however, the heat engendered by financial controversies has some compensating influence.

² £15 per annum comes to 5s. 9d. per week, "wealth beyond the dreams of avarice," as Dr. Johnson would put it.

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'smaller towns,' where life is still lived at a less strenuous pace, and where people still have time to mind one another's business. The greater cities are assuredly not without fault. The suggestion made by Lord Peel at a recent conference¹ that the importance of Parliament was decreasing as that of the municipalities was increasing, and that there was coming into being a special race of municipal statesmen not led away by legislation and ambition and follies, but content to work solidly and continuously on local administration, is based on the optimistic fancies of a vivid imagination rather than on sober facts. Parliament may be decreasing in importance, but it is not decreasing in power, and the demands for unquestioning obedience made by Government Departments, to which has been entrusted the enforcement of many recent Acts of Parliament, are ever increasing. The weekly debates of the London County Council will show how much time is devoted to mere party recriminations, and both where such recriminations are the rule and elsewhere we inevitably find that the great mass of business leads merely to the establishment of a second bureaucracy, which often joins issue with

¹ Imperial Health Conference, May 21, 1914.

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the supreme bureaucracy, but often too combines with it to oppress in common those who are its subjects. The London County Council, with its hideous blue forms and its cast-iron regulations, is easily the first of these minor tyrannies.¹ It has shown much ingenuity in devising methods of stifling the free expression of opinion, and evidently regards the school-master in his class-room and the clerk on his stool as quantities of equal magnitude.

Thus in the manner indicated Secondary Education, which once, fenced and guarded in cloistral seclusion, was completely sundered from the world of politics, has been caught up and whirled away in the cog-wheels of the caucus. The spheres of Secondary Education and of Politics intersect but slightly, and there is, thank Heaven! no religious difficulty with its cloud combats to distract us, but the habit of looking at things from a political point of view, of acting always with one's political associates and of opposing always one's political enemies,

¹ Teachers must spend their holidays in attending lectures if they are so bidden. These holidays may be arbitrarily shortened without the teacher being consulted. Teachers may not publish any book which contains a reference to their connection with the L.C.C. on the title-page. They must not furnish any information with reference to their Schools to professional bodies with a view to the discussion of professional problems, *e.g.* double promotions during the School year.

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a habit acquired elsewhere, is brought into the peace and calm. of the education committee room. There are some compensations. If a Headmaster be attacked by one section of the Committee, the other section will be inclined to support him. The log-roller, too, here plies his craft. If A attacks some proposition, B must unite with him whole-heartedly if he desires A's support in other matters. Our local Macchiavellis make full use of Providence's graciousness in bestowing upon us speech. with which to disguise our thoughts. Most speeches require the service of a commentator well versed in the inner history of events, who may reveal to us besides (1) what the speaker said; (2) what he thought; (3) what he desired the world to believe that he thought.

The gallery, architecturally lacking though it sometimes may be, is the most important region of the council chamber, and there is a tendency to address one's self to it. To attack Secondary Education for the glorification of Elementary Education, or still more pleasant task, to visit upon the innocent head of the Secondary Teacher some affront which the Elementary Teacher has recently received, is always thought good business, for Secondary

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Education is almost voteless. If one wished to select from our ranks one, who more than any of his colleagues is associated with the finest flower of humanity, sympathy, and courtesy, perhaps the most votes would go to the High Master of Manchester Grammar School. However, some six or seven years ago when trouble had arisen in the elementary schools as to the use of corporal punishment, a section of the Manchester City Council seized the opportunity to propose that the annual grant to the Grammar School should be refused unless corporal punishment was abolished there.¹ The punishment inflicted on a particular boy was grossly exaggerated; photographs were exhibited of the boy's back before and after Dr. Paton's brutal treatment, photographs which arrived at the Council Chamber via the United States. The proposal was summarily defeated, but if some City fathers of enlightened Manchester are capable of such tactics, it may easily be imagined that the alcades of smaller towns are capable of still worse.

The dictum so frequently uttered on Speech Days, that the one way of building up a great

¹ In Secondary Schools corporal punishment is usually inflicted only by the Headmaster. In Elementary Schools such punishment may be inflicted by any Certificated Assistant Master.

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School is to appoint a good Headmaster and to give him a free hand is more honoured in the breach than in the observance. Few bodies believe that a Headmaster knows his own business, and most have a morbid curiosity for petty details of management. Bodies concerned with both Elementary and Secondary Education are usually possessed with the view that the Secondary Schoolmaster, in defiance of all schemes and traditions, must be brought down to the level of the Elementary Teacher. This tendency can be corrected in only one way. All Governing Bodies should contain representatives nominated by the Universities themselves, and, where it is possible, representatives of those who are engaged in Secondary Education should also be members. The expression of these two points of view by persons who can give utterance to their opinions without fear or favour would be an invaluable corrective of the narrowness and ignorance which are at present preponderantly represented. One may hope that in time Headmasters and Assistant Masters, who have not been forced to postpone till too late a day a retirement which depends upon a long-expected pension, may take their places on such boards, may speak with due force, and be

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heard with due respect.¹ Perhaps even in time a more generous spirit may permeate the lower as well as the higher educational strata. At present, however, the local politician has an ingrained distrust of all representatives of higher education, and regards some elderly clergyman who said adieu to the University thirty years or more ago as a true representative of the University spirit.²

Thus Education in being democratised has so far been merely vulgarised, and resentment is justifiable. The view here taken, of the effects of recent Departmental regulations is not merely an individual eccentricity. It is the view, rarely expressed perhaps, but almost universally held, by those engaged in Secondary Education. Sir John McClure, President of the Headmasters' Association, has declared³ that the result of the Education Act of 1902 was that Education "was put into the hands

¹ It would be desirable, as a rule, that such Governors should not be connected with the Schools to which their professional career has been devoted.

² I am in no way disparaging the work done by such men on many public bodies. I merely point out that they have necessarily lost touch with the later developments of the Universities and of Higher Education generally, and that representatives are needed *in addition* who are in the closest contact with Education in its highest forms.

³ Presidential Address, 1914.

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of the practical man. Henceforth 'municipalise.' was to be the blessed word in education. . . . One could wish, however, that it were possible for these practical men to indicate the end and leave the means to the judgment and experience of the practical teacher. . . . It is constantly happening that the advice of persons experienced in education is disregarded or lightly esteemed, and undue prominence is given to subjects which the practical man can best appreciate even though they be of inferior educational value." Sir John McClure is accustomed to weigh his words, and this condemnation loses none of its force, although he will not take upon himself to condemn this policy "which may be wise and far-seeing and ultimately justify itself." *The Times* also comments¹ on the "scanty provision of expert knowledge" that has been made by the various local councils, owing to the latitude left them, "perhaps unfortunately," in the formation of their education committees. The Headmaster of Bristol Grammar School, Mr. Cyril Norwood, who with Mr. Hope has produced a book called "The Higher Education of Boys in England," has much to say on the same theme. Most local authorities, we are told with much

¹ Educational Supplement, March 1913.

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force, are incapable of distinguishing between Higher Elementary and Secondary Education. They exclude co-opted educational experts. They are too fond of beginning technical instruction before a foundation has been established on a predominantly literary basis. Education is killed, our authors declare, when the Headmaster is reduced to the level of a second-rate municipal servant, the chief shop-walker in a useful knowledge emporium. So far indeed we have learnt chiefly what to avoid. Governors should be men of liberal education, acquainted with the Public School tradition. The Headmaster's function is that of teaching and leading, not clerking, and though Directors of Education may be necessary, it is disastrous to give them authority over Secondary Schools.

The five years which have passed since these bitter judgments were passed have not diminished their force, and many still fervently look forward to another world in which those who have inflicted this doom upon an honourable profession may have suitable punishments assigned to them, to be imprisoned, perhaps, with a host of municipal pundits, and to be forced to supply a perpetual stream of small talk, or to answer ad infinitum some of the racking questions propounded on their own

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forms. For us it is possible that things will become worse before they become better.

The question of local control is bound up with the larger question of Democracy, its powers and limits. The roseate hues of youthful Democracy have faded, and though some prefer the dry light of noon to the golden radiance of the morning, our feelings too have changed. We have lost our illusions. Democracy was an ideal; it is a *pis aller*. We are learning to understand more definitely what Democracy is, and we find it, like all human institutions, less attractive than it appeared at first sight. A great Liberal like Lord Morley admits that, however we define progress, Democracy is not its only conditioning force.¹ Democrat and Liberal are not co-extensive terms. France is a Democracy, a much more perfect Democracy than England can ever be; but there all are *étatistes*, none Liberals. Here, too, Democracy is busily engaged in riveting chains upon all its subjects, itself included. Nor is Democracy yet, as Mazzini defined it, the progress of all through all

¹ "Mill never taught that Democracy was the only guarantee of steady and unbroken progress. He knew too much history."—From Lord Morley's interesting review of Mr. L. T. Hobhouse's "Democracy and Reaction" in his "Miscellanies." Much of the matter of this paragraph is derived from this review.

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under the leadership of the best and wisest. High virtue and exalted wisdom are flowers that rarely blossom in the polluted atmosphere of politics, and the best and wisest, as a rule, shrink from suing for the suffrages of their countrymen. How often does one catch oneself exclaiming, with a slight variation of Madame Roland's apostrophe, O Democracy, what crimes are wrought in thy name! Of old there was a close and cordial alliance between Democracy and Intellect. The great brows for Liberty have been struck rather by the thinker in his study than by the sansculotte on his barricade.

" A breath of our inspiration
Is the life of each generation ;
A wondrous thing of our dreaming,
Uncarthy, impossible seeming—
The soldier, the king and the peasant
Are working together in one, .
Till our dream shall become their present,
And their work in the world is done.

They had no vision amazing
Of the goodly house they are raising, .
They had no divine foreshadowing
Of the land to which they are going ;
But on one man's soul it hath broken,
A light that doth not depart,
And his look, or a word he hath spoken,
Wrought flame in another man's heart."

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But the glorious succession of Liberal thinkers, from Rousseau, with his thrilling "Man is born free, yet everywhere he is in chains," to Mill, the austere, devoted champion of every cause of freedom, the dynasty which slowly yet surely sapped and mined those strongholds of tyranny which no forlorn hope, no brilliant onset, however desperate, could have stormed, has perished without offspring. In spite of Trades' Union Congresses, which pass in a few seconds, embedded in some omnibus resolution,¹ motions demanding the confiscation of all educational endowments and the establishment of a system of free Secondary Education, the working-man ignores or despises all education. The Trades' Union leader and the Halfpenny Journalist have accomplished the enthronement of unblushing ignorance; for the ignorance of the ordinary man, his lack of grasp of questions which demand serious thought, is astounding. Lord Sherbrooke told us more than forty years ago that we must educate our masters, but no one has yet discovered a satisfactory method. We must not now talk of educational ladders, the metaphor

¹ But while condemning omnibus resolutions, I must admit that all Conferences, not merely Industrial Conferences, have a weakness for arranging unwieldy agendas and for agreeing to many important propositions without discussion.

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has shifted to that of a highway. The Old Toryism and the New Democracy curiously agree, and the New Democracy has as blind a disregard for the interests of the nation as a whole as the Old Toryism ever had. The latter was for keeping the poor in their places in respectful submission to their betters, the former knows nothing of betters of any sort, intellectual or otherwise, and is indignant that poor boys of ability should have better chances than their brothers, fearing they may rise out of their class. The enlightened statesman would before almost everything desire that there should be a free passage from one class to another, that worth by poverty depressed may rise to its proper eminence, and that rank or wealth not coupled with ability may sink back to the obscurity from which it probably arose a few generations back. He will seek to promote this free "career of talent," both because it is to the State's interest that the State should from its highest to its lowest departments be conducted with ability, and also because he has no wish for his country to arrive at the New Jerusalem via the Gehenna of a bloody Revolution directed by these same men of ability who have been denied all opportunity of advancement. He will regard all

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justifications of the prevention of inter-mobility of classes, all championship of the caste system, under whatever mask disguised, as pernicious doctrine at all times to be resisted. Nothing has such miraculous effects as Education in changing a man's outlook; the clever man will infallibly leave his class. His attitude will be totally different; he will not take Mr. Keir Hardie as his Pope; but then he will not take any man as his Pope, and while his early experiences give him insight and, it is to be hoped, sympathy in his study of social problems, his Education will cause him to distrust all panaceas and short-cuts. Perhaps, indeed, the only real way in which the State can help Higher Education is by providing, wherever necessary—and there are still many places where it is necessary—means for boys of ability to obtain the highest culture.

This duty of the State must be carefully distinguished from another duty which falls upon the State as being at present the only possible superintendent of Elementary Education, that of giving the future worker with his hands a suitable preparation for the business of life, bearing most carefully in mind that the worker is also a man and a citizen, even though much that is taught is “of no use”—

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venerable phrase! The attitude of the Labour Leader in defiance of a proverb referring to the leading of horses to troughs has been described, the view of the ordinary "working-man" who removes his child from School at the earliest possible age to become a half-timer must now be noted. Mr. Stephen Reynolds, the author of "Seems So," is probably as good an authority on the desires of the working-man as anyone, and he sums up that attitude thus: "They say that the children ought to be kept at school till they're fifteen." . . . "Fifteen! Why, they keeps 'em there two years too long as 'tis, I reckon. I don't say a few o' 'em don't rise through it;¹ but they clever sort 'd rise anyhow, wi'out forcing if the chance was offered them. For the heft o' the likes o' us 'tis different. You may learn summut to school, or you may not; precious little o' it's any use; but I reckon you learns manlihood and womanlihood after you leaves school, an' the sooner you begin to learn thic, the better. Education is the biggest fraud ever forced upon us; and the most dangerous too; for it has been held forth so persistently and so loudly as a cure-

¹ Note that education is only a means of rising. But other people, who should be more enlightened than the fisherman, still seem to have this conception of education.

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all, that even the poor themselves have been very largely deceived." This is the authentic note. One reason why Elementary Education has not greatly improved is that the "working-man" has not known or cared what education is.

We must not, however, pass from the subject without casting some grains of incense upon the altar of Democracy. Freedom of Speech was the Athenian's proudest boast—and Aristophanes has survived to show how splendidly tolerant the Athenian could be of criticism. Freedom of Speech is perhaps the greatest glory of the British Constitution also. All Democracies need their Aristophanes, their Socrates, their Rosa Dartles even, irritating as all may be. We have passed our criticisms upon society as it is, starting from the truly Democratical premise that if all men are equal, even a Headmaster is the equal of a coal-heaver or a tram-conductor. Few Headmasters of Day Schools are not anxious to further the truly democratic ideal that a Secondary School should be the meeting-ground of boys of all classes, and therefore they have resisted proposals which by their drastic provisions would defeat this object, and would make their Schools merely the happy hunting-grounds

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of one single class, the proletariat or the "idle rich," as the case may be. Most Headmasters, animated as they are in general with a high conception of their duty to all the boys committed to their charge, from the highest to the lowest, have done infinitely more for the advancement of popular education than the glib cheap-jacks of the Council Chamber: Democracy may be in its great moments the noblest of all polities,¹ it may approach the realisation of the Kingdom of God on earth; but let us have the democracy of Pericles, not of Jack Cade.

Nor certainly do we view the small country-town and its governors with unmitigated scorn. Muddleham, if so we may christen it, is a delightful place to dwell in by contrast with that "wen" of Cobbett's, in which seven millions have the madness to dwell. It is restful and soothing; it has an ancient history, a castle, a battlefield, or at least an inn where Prince Charles once slept when fleeing from the Roundheads; if it is not surrounded by pleasing scenery, its situation must be exceptional. Its inhabitants are

¹ A point which needs no emphasis at present. But when the storm and stress of the present time have passed away, and the noble inspiration of an appalling crisis has waned, let it be remembered still that Democracy in its grand moments is a thing incomparable.

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charming people, save when the tocsin sounds ; its Councillors in private life are men of goodwill, but what is sport to them is death or agony to their victims. Yet what a transformation might be effected in Muddleham if all its people were transported for twelve months into a great city's central roar, if they could exchange the Pump for the Niagara-like streams of Trafalgar Square, for the bustle of Brummagem's Corporation Street, or the grimness and grime of Mancunian Piccadilly. They would return more serious and more thoughtful to the delights that Muddleham provides in such full measure. Might we not even hope, that those who transact all their business in a glare of publicity, those whose habitation is only a house of glass, despite its many subterranean chambers, may finally arrive at the profound truth that those who dwell in glass houses must *not* throw stones ?

And we must part in friendship with the pump too. We know as well as any its sanctity and its importance. It should be kept in clearest brightness, its flow should be regular and its pipe unclogged. Its mechanism should observe the due mean between too oily ease and groaning rheumatism ; its liquid should be uncontaminated, cool, tasteless, but

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not insipid. But does not all this lie within the province of the Parish Plumber rather than of the Parish Politician, and need the destinies of our historic parties be annually involved in its fortunes? Let us strive to propitiate Nemesis. Pumps are ancient, pumps are elemental. Pumps are primeval, the earliest triumphs doubtless of the Iron Age. But the whirligig of time has its revenges, and even the men of Muddleham may yet submit perforce to the indignity of water-works, may bow the knee to an engineer with his gang of turncocks, may endure the despotism—and demand-notes—of a Water-Board, which will rear lofty dams and towering aqueducts, and—tragic consummation—in utter forgetfulness of a century of ceaseless service, consign our pump to the scrap-heap or the marine store. So passes the glory of the pump.

CHAPTER IV

THE TEACHERS' REGISTER

IN this sad medley of horrid arbitrariness and insensate arrogance, in which men drest with a brief authority play such tricks as make the angels weep, what hope is there, what remedy for the present discontents of those fast gripped in the fetters of municipalism?

Aid from the outside world is a vain hope. The outside world, penetrated with the comfortable assurance that hours are short, pay good, and holidays long, will turn a deaf ear to the bitter cry of outcast schoolmasters. Government has delivered them bound hand and foot to their present masters, and will not raise its little finger to improve their condition. Can they then manifest to the present age the most shining example of that virtue which is its sorest need, the virtue of minding one's own business? The seed has been sown by Mr. Sadler;¹ we wait to see whether it will fructify. Mr. Sadler looks forward to the

¹ *The Times*, Educational Supplement, December 1913.

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reign of Syndicalism, to the hour when the teaching profession shall be self-governing and autonomous. No Department shall issue its decrees, no Inspector coerce his subjects, but all shall rule all. His brethren shall deal, as he deserves, with any errant master. We shall not strike or shout because, I presume, all is over, and we need not add "barring the shouting." Our salaries will be generous, our pensions adequate, and like the Lotus-Eaters, we shall live in godlike blissfulness in a land where it is always afternoon. Sing the Te Deum. We have a Parliament.

But will it work? The mountains have been long in labour. Successive Permanent Secretaries have strenuously or indolently supported or resisted the various schemes put forward by distressed and vainly toiling leaders. The torture of Tantalus is for the present ended. The result, however ridiculous, is not a little mouse, but a monster unwieldy, four-headed and four-bodied, united in Siamese fashion by the frailest of tissues. Will the four bodies succeed in keeping in step; will not they rather wrench themselves violently asunder and assert their separate existence? And then will not the panting Headmasters' Conference toil in vain after the brilliant sprinters of the N.U.T.,

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who will no doubt make the running in the Educational Handicap? Shall we be able to agree even in differing? Such are questions which the Sphinx alone can answer.

The Teachers' Register is the product of the lucubrations of the Teachers' Council. The Teachers' Council was begotten by Sir Robert Morant, and is a body fearfully and wonderfully made, so fearfully and wonderfully that its construction cries for a sober and unvarnished description. The Council is based, as Burke of old thought our constitution was based, on a system of checks and balances. The excessive zeal for learning of the Universities is compensated for by the banausic utilitarianism of the teachers of Shorthand, the fine-drawn culture of the older educational institutions is atoned for by the untutored stridency of the National Union of Teachers, and the unbending rigour of the Headmasters' Association is tempered by the sweetness and light of the Association of Women Teachers. We ask inquiringly what is the greatest common measure of the Regius Professor of Greek and a village teacher? The answer seems to be, that ardent doctrinaire, Mr. Arthur Acland.

What we call prophetically the scholastic pro-

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fession is a house of many mansions. There are at least three main types of educational institutions—that of the Elementary School, that of the Secondary School, with its various subdivisions, and that of the University.

The Universities will probably preserve their pedestals undamaged. The Don is much more and much less than a teacher. He is, or should be, rather a supervisor, an inspirer, and a guide, than an instructor of persons too indolent to instruct themselves. Where men do not go up to the Universities insufficiently grounded they can in most cases teach themselves, given the will to do so. Those who have taken up Science require frequent advice and assistance in the Laboratory, those who are pursuing the humaner studies need help in Composition, and all require occasional assistance in the choice of books, suggestions as to their line of reading, and hints as to difficulties. But the 'Varsity man ought not to be fed from the bottle or with the spoon. "The true University is a collection of books." It is a hard saying, but there should be much truth in it. The writer owes a debt beyond all computation to Cambridge, but it is not to the lecture system that he owes most. It was a pleasant thing to attend a course of lectures on Greek

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Oratory given by a Jebb, to listen, yourself the second, to Mayor, a scholar who had wandered into the wrong age, as he garrulously reviewed in his own discursive style and in the spirit of a sixteenth-century scholar all things in general. It was a notable experience to sit at the feet of a Verrall discoursing on Euripides, or an Adam expounding the Republic, for these men were as great as Lecturers as they were as Scholars. Yet were not all these things written in the books of those mighty scholars? But while we concede that in these eminent instances there was an inanalysable residuum, a something beyond all precise explanation which made their lectures far more inspiring than their books, in the case of the ordinary College Don this added potency did not, could not, exist. There is, or should be, a world of difference between the lecture-room and the class-room, even the Olympian regions of the Sixth Form.

So the Lecturer is not a Teacher in the School sense, and the University is not a more advanced School. Moreover, the older Universities enjoy, and the younger Universities would fain attain, complete freedom from Governmental trammels. The ancient Universities smile gently at the youthful excesses

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of Boards of Education—things of the day before yesterday—striving so earnestly and so enthusiastically to instruct all men and women in the art of sucking eggs. If he is plied with too many interrogations by his catechist, the Oxford Head of a College will “dally with his golden chain and smiling put the question by,” the Oxford Tutor with his delightfully detached manner will let the Roman legions thunder past, and then plunge in thought again. Oxford and Cambridge are not of yesterday, and we shall be spared for some time yet the spectacle of a Gilbert Murray marking a green attendance register, or the presence at another Regius Professor's Lecture of some minion of Mr. Pease, with notebook bulging in his pocket, making a few suggestions to the venerable scholar at the end of his hour.

What is the magic spell of the ancient Universities? Only an Arnold or a Pater could describe it in its fullness. It seems to arise from a largior æther, a subtle all-pervading atmosphere of intellectuality, the genius loci which combines so well the cult of work and the cult of leisure, the infectious influence of others interested in all things of the mind, the contact with the adventurous spirit of youth

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voyaging ever onward through strange seas of thought, casting aside as hoary platitudes the boldest novelties of last week, and epitomising in the brief compass of a single Term the mental growth of a century. Knowledge rises to another plane, when one can point the finger at some captain of scholarship whose fame resounds through Europe, can hear as one passes by scraps of the conversation of intellectual paladins, can behold in the flesh men whose names have long been words of power with us. But it is expedient at times to "cut" the usual College lectures as frequently as a lenient Tutor will permit. The paradox is true that those who attend lectures most regularly and take the fullest notes—we speak not of the gentler sex, which without exception displays a regularity of attendance and an assiduity in recording the ipsissima verba of even the obiter dicta and witticisms of its lecturers never sufficiently to be praised—are often the greatest moral and intellectual idlers. It is the duty of a lecturer to stimulate, not to stifle thought; it is not his duty to save his readers the toil of hard reading by supplying them with ready-made examination answers. The greatest scholars, moreover, are not necessarily the clearest expositors.

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Some have reached the consummation of all scholarship, the power to express the abstrusest discoveries in language of the finest clarity, but the manner of presentation of many others would never satisfy a Professor of Method.

From these exalted regions we pass to the wearers of the laticlave, the grand seigneurs of the great Public Schools. They can be always trusted to pass resolutions which bind no one, not even themselves. Like people of a different class they carry on flirtations in their holidays. They coquette with democratic and other novelties, and forget or ignore them during Term. They have no intention of surrendering one whit of their prestige, or of descending from their position of eminence and mingling with the crowd, and no doubt they are right. They are wealthy and need no Government's largesse, they have traditions, and they, and their masters, and their boys, will brook no interference with them, they are select and have no liking for "outsiders." Their problems are totally different from those of the municipal school, whose pupils come at twelve or thirteen years of age and leave generally long before sixteen, and their envisagement of their particular problems is totally different. The agenda of the Headmasters'

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Conference deals generally with very dissimilar matters. What has it to do with "Free-Placers"—many Headmasters would, no doubt, ask what "Free-Placers" were—with Government grants and their inadequacy, or the scandal of boys leaving school at fourteen or fifteen? What, on the other hand, has the Headmasters' Association to do with regulations as to entrance to Sandhurst or examinations for Naval Cadetships? If an Admiralty representative addresses it on the scarcity of Naval Officers, there is a buzz of scornful comments sotto voce on the folly of expecting its members to prepare boys for such an expensive service. It is the Headmasters' Conference that represents the governing classes, and it desires no infiltration of democratic principles. There is a fault in the geological formation, and no amount of fine words can alter realities.

The older Grammar Schools are the middle term. They follow in the wake of the Public Schools and are sometimes little distinguishable from them, but there is perhaps less of that magnificent disregard of intellectual things which marks the true Public School. Again, the most modern Secondary Schools are in spirit and in essentials practically advanced

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elementary schools, completely subject to local and departmental authority.

Such a heterogeneous bundle of conflicting entities is Secondary Education. We now come to that strong, solid, and resistless mass, mighty in the power of numbers, steadfast in its firm resolve, whether it be to secure a scale for Herefordshire teachers¹ or to obtain some Cabinet Minister's head upon a charger. These men claim with much truth that they form the educational forward line, and they can apply their weight remorselessly in a scrimmage.

Here we have no vision, but at any rate a purpose, and that purpose is to dominate any national system of education hereafter to be established, and to adapt it to its pleasure. Elementary Headmasters are puppets, their Secondary confrères must be puppets likewise. Elementary Education is free, Secondary Education shall be free. Elementary Teachers are paid a salary which does not go beyond definite maxima ; all Teachers are equal, and therefore Secondary Teachers must not have a larger

¹ I in no way criticise the course thus taken by the National Union of Teachers. I rejoice, on the contrary, at its first victory in the attempt to secure a real living wage for its members, and that it has so soon brought to its knees the purblind protagonists of bucolic obscurantism.

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salary or a more liberal pension. Quod erat demonstrandum!

Such are the first three orders in our Constituent Assembly, the Universities, Secondary, and Elementary Education. Finally we have a wondrous pageant of men in buckram, distinguished foreigners to most of us. Cretes and Arabians, Parthians and Medes, dwellers in Mesopotamia and Elamites, the enchanting music of the Pied Piper has charmed them all forth from every nook and cranny, Heaven knows why, to dance a jig and tread a measure. Let us, however, be not too austere. Even a plumber is a man and a brother. In the riotous rule of King Jack Frost, when pipes shed tears, and taps gush forth in cataracts, shall we not bear with more Christian patience the perfidious procrastination of the professor of the healing art, when we have been assured that his Gamaliel was an F.R.P.A. or some other mysteriously initialled person, a member of the same noble craft as we ourselves? ¹ Thus in our new Parliament we have a jack of every trade.

Such then is the monster which, like Athene

¹ This is no exaggeration. A teacher of plumbing can rank in the Register beside a Regius Professor, and when the author urged at the Headmasters' Association that every registered teacher should have a University Degree, it was seriously advanced that such a rule would exclude a teacher of plumbing.

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in this alone, sprang forth in full panoply from the head of Sir Robert Morant. All educational associations have at once passed resolutions of welcome. Such is our politeness that it is hard to imagine any act at all of our supreme disposers that we would not greet with similar effusion. But both those who were present at those meetings, and the vast host of those who were not, cherish their resentment, or at least have their misgivings, and are furtively examining the gift horse's teeth. One can extract an ironic delight from the comparison of forecasts of the Registration Council and its composition with the Council as it actually is. Messrs. Norwood and Hope declare that it should not include teachers of dancing and sewing, but sewing is certainly represented by the nominee of the Associations of Teachers of Domestic Subjects, and dancing comes under the head either of Music or Gymnastics. *The Times* in February 1912¹ enlarged on the difficulty, if not the impossibility, of devising one condition of entry both suitable and fair to all types of teachers in Secondary Schools. An unwieldy alphabetical list of all existing teachers, a mere directory of names, would serve no useful purpose. Probably,

¹ In its Educational Supplement.

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therefore, the Teachers' Council would decide upon a register in compartments, each compartment to have its own conditions of admission. There would be free movement from one compartment to another, and the same name might appear in more than one compartment at the same time. All compartments are to be equal, and "there is no need even to assume that Greek is more important than clay-modelling!" It will be the duty of the Council "to see that each candidate is qualified to teach the subject he proposes to teach,¹ and that he has sufficient general education to make his teaching effective." In a later number² it is pointed out with much force that every teacher must have reached some elementary standard in general liberal education. "It may be necessary to take a foreman from a dye-works and employ him to teach dyeing to working lads; but such lads will not acquire the art of dyeing any better because their instructor is illiterate. Hence it may be supposed that, although the Registration Council will have nothing to say about the right of public authorities to make use of such trades-

¹ This duty has been entirely ignored, as I have pointed out in a letter to *The Times* reprinted in an Appendix to this book.

² September 1913.

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men as supplementary instructors, it will make short work of their claims—if such be advanced—to be translated out of their avocation into an incorporated profession.” Again, the inclusion of university representatives was merely an after-thought, and it is not to be imagined that university teachers will seek a place on the register. It would be ludicrous to suppose that “Q,” the distinguished Cambridge Professor of Literature, would gain anything by being ranked as a professional teacher. What was ludicrous in September 1913 is now quite possible. Eminent authorities have been quite wrong in their forecasts, but in a laudable desire to give Mr. Pease’s rickety bantling every chance, have taken an unusual pleasure in eating their own words.

Who have applied for registration so far? The monthly bulletins are not as yet very reassuring to the partisans of the Register. We are told with many a flourish of trumpets what men have applied, but the fact that the applicants do not number five per cent. of those eligible is carefully suppressed. The Vice-Chancellor of Oxford, the Headmaster of Eton, and Mr. Sadler are now registered teachers. It would be interesting to hear from these distinguished men what it feels like to be a

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registered teacher, and whether the Confirmation ceremony that they have undergone has tended to their further edification. But when we have passed by these eminent examples of ostentatious humility, we find that our hidalgos are splendidly isolated, and that most men and women, preferring their guineas to their status, are conspicuously absent. Various Principals of Training Colleges have applied, and Kibworth Beauchamp is also represented on the Register! Be it known to all the ungeographic that Kibworth Beauchamp is a pleasant village on the Leicester-Market Harborough turnpike, which rejoices in a mixed school of forty-seven children. Doubtless it is modestly surprised and gratified at the eminence thus thrust upon it. For the rest of us it is a satisfaction to know that the great heart of Kibworth beats in harmony with the universe, that Mr. X.Y.Z., His Majesty's Inspector, is registered, and that therefore all's well with the world.

Should there be a Register at all? As "Old Fogey," that singularly wise contributor to the *Journal of Education*, has said, the real need of our profession is not registration, but remuneration. The financial difficulty is in most quarters the real crux. It is impossible to persuade Governing Bodies to charge, or indeed

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parents to pay, fees which are in any way commensurate with the School expenses. An education which cost £25 will be procurable for £15; one which costs £15 can be obtained by the parent dirt-cheap at £3 or £4 per annum. Government grants are shamefully meagre, endowments are often non-existent. Somebody or something must be sacrificed. The teacher has hitherto been the victim. Yet sweated industries are proverbially industries in which a poor level of efficiency prevails, and the epithets cheap and nasty join forces as usual in the case of the inexpensive school. The "dirt-cheap" commodity is never held in value, and strange though it be, the great Schools owe much of their prestige to the highness of their fees. If some bold Minister of Education should resolve that schoolmasters as well as miners or agricultural labourers deserved a minimum wage, he would go some way towards justifying his existence. Such bold deeds are, however, beyond the horizon of a Minister of Education, who is wondering what post he will obtain in the next Cabinet reshuffle.

Yet, true as it is that money is our greatest need, the answer to our question is a decided affirmative. Misdirected as our efforts may have been, our desire to develop into a pro-

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fession is based on a sound instinct. We need more solidarity, we must confront our enemies at the gate with more resolution, but we must recognise that the mere word teacher is one of the vaguest words in our language. The gulf between the Shorthand instructor and the Master of an Oxford College, between a village teacher and an Eton Housemaster, is so overwhelmingly wide that no real bond of connection is now, if ever, possible. Sectionalism may be an unpleasant word, but it is the only working policy of the present day. The Teachers' Council might, however, develop into a very useful clearing-house if it were definitely recognised that the Council as a whole must devolve the settlement of all matters affecting one section alone to the section concerned. In cases where two or more sections are concerned, those sections should confer with one another,¹ but in no case must one group attempt to coerce another.

Devolution without Coercion is a line along

¹ Questions in which Elementary Teachers might differ from Secondary Teachers are such matters as Fees (Free Secondary Schools?), Salaries, and Pensions, the age of transfer from the Elementary School to the Secondary School. The Universities, again, would rightly claim to settle the character of their Entrance Examinations, Scholarship tests, &c. I note that already Elementary Teachers are being urged to register in large numbers in order to swamp the other registrees.

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which considerable progress might be made. It would be an outrage if some decision upon matters entirely or chiefly concerning Secondary Education were imposed upon us by the votes of Elementary Teachers or Technical Instructors. Conversely, we have no right to impose our views as to methods or policy in the Elementary or in the University world upon our unwilling associates. Was the congeries of the Registration Council the work of some Macchiavelli? Was it not thought that an able and arbitrary permanent official might mould such a body like wax to his designs?

The ideal of an autonomous profession, the blameless syndicalism foreshadowed by Mr. Sadler, is certainly attractive. We do not desire to assume the attitude of the Sibyl, to adopt a position of unbending resistance to all representations made from the outside world—such a position as is often adopted, for instance, by the medical profession—but we are tired of the meddling of clumsy outsiders and unscrupulous politicians, and we are confident that we could manage our affairs infinitely better than can our present masters. An executive committee could negotiate with Universities *re* Examinations, appoint Headmasters when

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vacancies occur,¹ draft salary and pension schemes, and settle all purely professional matters without the slightest friction, without appeals to the gallery, or local storms in a tea-cup. And the arguments in favour of such an aspiration gain fresh force when it is remembered that perhaps the alternative is a State Service of Schoolmasters. This alternative has found favour with a few Assistant Masters, but has been rejected in every other quarter. It is hoped by some that the status of a Civil Servant may bring with it better emoluments. There is no security for this, and our prospective official brothers, the postmen, could tell us that when a body of people become servants of the State the community at large becomes their enemy whenever improved salaries, for which the community at large must pay, are demanded. And we must in turn make many sacrifices. A Civil Servant with the blind regard for routine which is the condition of his efficiency, with his inability to have opinions of his own on official matters,

¹ This, I fear, is not practicable at present, but what a relief it would be to be rid of the present system of cabal and intrigue, which results from entrusting, perhaps, the most important of all duties to laymen, who do not know probably the difference between an Oxford B.A. and an A.C.P., or between a dactyl and a quadratic equation.

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or on still wider matters, with his steady automatic progress through his office, a progress which, except in cases of flagrant incompetence or neglect of duty, depends merely upon his power of surviving his colleagues, is less than a man. It is to be hoped that even the seductive prospect of more liberal pay will not ensnare many into choosing this death in life, instead of the freer and more fruitful development which is now open to them.

In what, then, can we trust? In ourselves. "Il faut cultiver son jardin." I have no panacea to prescribe. But it is time to have done with waiting upon politicians and departments. It is time to see what the individual can do for the elevation of our profession, and surely nearly all the good work that we can hope to do depends upon individual effort. Too long has hope flattered only to deceive. Too long have reverend signiors caressed with all their blandishments an obdurate Board. They have stood upon their hind-legs, they have jumped most obligingly through hoops, they have sometimes barked and sometimes whined—but never a lump of sugar! The bunch of carrots is always just before our noses, and—let us for once, like the youthful Pindar, sow our metaphors with a sack—it is

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always jam yesterday and jam to-morrow, but never jam to-day. The Board has put us through all our tricks. Let us cease our antics, and learn to grin and bear it. Each man can make his valiant efforts to raise us out of the slough in which we are so grievously bemired. Let us trust to others for nothing, to ourselves for everything. Let us withstand manfully all encroachments upon our position, be the assailants who they may. Our own agellus may be indeed a little plot, but we can ear and harrow it diligently, and in time by stoutly labouring we may gain a crop of thirty, sixty, or even an hundredfold.

But before we bid adieu to the Registration Council, let us take our dark lanterns and climb on a tour of inspection into this bed of Ware in which so vast an assemblage seeks so fitful a repose. Mark that recumbent form poised so uneasily on the bed-frame's edge. Avoid him, for he hears you not. He is a teacher of the Deaf, who gained an entrance only at the eleventh hour. Behold beyond him a musician, a Professor of the Royal Academy, his head pillowed uneasily on the sturdy form of an instructor in Manual Training. Ah! Trinculo, truly there never was a stranger bed-fellow. Do you mark that band of seven whose features

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even in slumber preserve their native truculence? They still have their boots on, and with their constant muttering, "No blankets," "No privilege," "No fees in Secondary Schools," are much disturbing their neighbours from the Universities, a Vice-Chancellor and the Head of a College. After life's fitful fever the Headmasters' Conference sleeps well, but he will need all those bolsters with which he has so thoughtfully provided himself to ward off the avalanche-like descent of the Shorthand Teacher, who is trembling down upon him from a higher altitude at the rate of two hundred words a minute. The bed-tester resounds with the stertorous breathing of the Ling Association, who appears every moment to be on the point of choking. Almost the only peaceful spectacle presented to our view is the placid countenance of a Teacher of the Blind, who seems even in his slumbers to rejoice that he is recognised at last. The ladies have partitioned off for themselves one portion of the vast structure, and are at present well content. But there are flashes of summer lightning, and the suffrage tricolour is already hoisted. There are signs, too, that they will present an ultimatum demanding the surrender of all the blankets, and the provision of fresh

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pillow-cases, and a proper supply of eiderdown quilts. The rival Associations of the Headmasters and the Assistant Masters have evidently been pillow-fighting, and silence is here secured by the fact that the Headmaster, whose pockets are being rifled by his companion, is almost strangled. But the hour grows late; the sleepers turn uneasily. Let us withdraw warily without lament or serenade, without apostrophe or questioning. Requiescant in pace!

CHAPTER V

"UNTIL PHILOSOPHERS BECOME KINGS" —THE NEW HIERARCHY

I HAVE been reading once again the pages of that divinest and most perverse, most inspiring and most provoking, loftiest, and narrowest, most beautiful and most bigoted of all books, the "Republic." One must criticise Plato, that supreme genius and desolating name, on bended knees, but yet the words of criticism must be spoken. Those who dream dreams or see visions are oft-times gey ill to deal with, and no man would choose a prophet as his next-door neighbour. So Plato, in his highest moments, when his singing robes are on, godlike, and seemingly transfigured into something superhuman, can be the most gloriously wrong-headed and wilful of all great writers with but one exception.¹ 'Tis but one step from the sublime to the ridiculous, and how often does our demi-god take it. And yet the "Republic," one of the world's great seminal books, that mighty symphony in a minor key,

¹ Ruskin.

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yet ending on a note of serenity, has influenced throughout the ages all men who have dreamt of a happier society and a nobler commonwealth, and all our glimpses of a better land have suffered refraction through the prism of the "Republic."

The great one lived in an age somewhat resembling ours. It was the age of a good-natured, somewhat flabby democracy,¹ which fleeced the "idle rich" to help the deserving poor, which a little later declined to let its flesh creep at Demosthenes' denunciation of Macedonia, of a people inclined to put off decisions, to believe that every politician had his price, to abuse its ministers if things went wrong, to take a mild enjoyment in the squabbles of "Ins" and "Outs" when things went swimmingly. Every man was an amateur of politics—here perhaps there is a difference—many men aided by the system of selection, the lot, had held some minor public office, all had frequently attended meetings of the ecclesia, and many had acted as dicasts, judge and juror in one. The ordinary man—even the ordinary Athenian—is not intellectually a marvellous spectacle. Plato, surveying from

¹ Epithets which would certainly have applied to us before the outbreak of the present war.

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his exalted throne a state in which the ordinary man was everybody, and the thinker and statesman a mere cipher, embittered perhaps by lack of recognition of his greatness, with all the milk of human kindness soured within him through the self-sought doom of his master Socrates, took some slight consolation for his present misfortunes by bodying forth an imaginary state in which the philosopher was all in all.

It is a natural dressing for a grievous wound. The life of men endowed with the painful-glorious gift of the Platonic temperament is an enacted tragedy. They fret and chafe their passionate spirits at trifling obstacles, they batter their heads upon the adamantine portals of selfishness and that stupidity 'gainst which the very gods must fight in vain, like Ruskin who, nobly¹ and flamingly a champion of right at all costs, possessor of the same enthralling eloquence, and at length accepted as a prophet by the most advanced thinkers, is surely Plato's nearest resemblar in modern times. They break their hearts and over-tax their intellects as they agonise over the

¹ Ruskin is exactly what Plato would have called an *εραστής* of the true and beautiful, one who makes the true and the beautiful the object of his passionate admiration.

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heartlessness and indifference of times that are out of joint. : Like Cassandra they have the gift of prophetic insight, like Cassandra, too, they never win belief. But their mind to them a kingdom is, and within its province they are supreme. They hurl themselves in Balaclava charges against the bastions and redoubts of prejudice; Don Quixote leads on his squadrons with such ardour and devotion that even his foemen scarce forbear to cheer. It is magnificent, and it is, perhaps, triumphant war. But the umpires can never adjudicate till a century or two has passed, and sometimes need æons rather than centuries, for the human mind works slowly, and if the processes of geology need their million years, the intellect too needs its thousand. Yet wisdom in the end is justified of its works, and the most tremendous line of Lucan sometimes gains a fresh exemplification :

*"Victrix causa deis placuit, sed victa Catoni."*¹

Thus does the philosopher exact his full revenge from men. He sets them, all visible to the lawgiver, in a crystal palace wondrous as the sunny dome, the caves of ice that Kubla

¹ The conquering cause pleased the gods, the conquered—Cato; or shall we say Plato?

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Khan decreed. It is "a miracle of rare device," a realm of unearthly atmosphere and strange beauty to which he condemns us, "a garden bright with sinuous rills," worthy of a Poussin's brush, a Paradise with glorious avenues, exquisite vistas, and waving glades, but at its gate there stands an angel with a flaming sword—to keep men in.

And yet the fault may lie rather with mankind, so prone to lag behind its pioneers and leaders, who press on with such eagerness to the goal, which ever seems so close at hand. It is not a commonwealth of mean conception or of ignoble promise which we are bidden enter. Life, not drab, indeed, but monotonously brilliant, shall cease to "stain the white radiance of eternity," and our hierophant, "clothed in white samite, mystic, wonderful," recites to us a passionate strain to Orphic music chanted.

The "Republic" is the most modern of all books, and thrills with the principle of perpetual youth. Mankind is a slow pupil in the things of the spirit, but at length an age has come which can appreciate the wisdom of Plato, and the "Republic" has become the dernier cri of the politician and the sociologist. It is the search for justice, or rather righteousness, in the

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individual which leads Plato to seek for righteousness writ large in the State. That righteousness, such is the infirmity of the race of men, can only be secured by putting all men under the strictest discipline, by the establishment of a rigorous and comprehensive caste system, by the closest supervision of the members of the commonwealth even in matters usually considered indifferent, by a more than Papal inquisition into their thoughts, by a rigid censorship of all poetry and literature, by community of property, by modern eugenics, by myth and falsehood. All the lawgiver's scheme is illustrated by a wealth of examples from the history of the actual world and its development—a violent contrast—by a splendour of imagination, a grandeur of eloquence, and a glorious defiance of the spiritually weak and the creeping matter-of-fact which has no parallel.

Such is the Apocalypse of Plato, and as there sweeps down upon us the full tide of that eloquence which is so un-Attic in its lack of measure, in its disregard of those canons of austere simplicity and economy which Greek Rhetoric imposed on its practitioners, so un-Attic in its frequent sublimity,¹ the real and

¹ Livingstone, "The Greek Genius" (pp. 183-203), enumerates the points as to which Plato may be considered un-Hellenic.

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the ideal seem merged in one, and we behold the New Jerusalem coming down from the heavens in all her bridal glory. But the spell is broken, and the vision passes as the evangel is expounded by less potent preachers. And when we come to consider the realm of the philosopher-king in all its complex relationships, chilling doubt afflicts us, and we wonder whether we are not trying to do Life's sum too quickly, whether our short method gives a real solution.

And how bridge the gulf between the chaos of actuality and the cosmos of system? It is the *τύραννος* who must do it. And so, despite disastrous experiences with the tyrant of real life,¹ who treated him far worse than his easily tolerant fellow-citizens, he became his own Demiurgus and called a world of the ideal into existence to redress the balance of the actual, and whether he still cherished the forlorn hope of philosophic tyranny, or whether he abandoned it in despair, he continued to frame constitutions, of which the tyrant philosopher was the basic hypothesis.

A world in which there are no mistakes and no waste, a gigantic Cosmos of system in which all proceeds ruthlessly by a fatalistic precision

¹ Dionysius of Syracuse sold him as a slave.

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to its appointed end—a world in which there is no exuberance, for that is prodigal; no idleness, for that is criminal; no controversy, for that is disintegrating; no passion, for love laughs at lawgivers as well as at locksmiths; no religion, for that is irrational and primitive; a world in which the physician, the official, and the inspector dog every step, is a wondrous glittering spectacle from without. But it is brilliant, with a hard, gem-like brilliancy. Life, thank Heaven, may still be an adventure and not an algebraical system, mechanically solved according to an established method. We do not desire to be uncomfortably healthy, even if we can all inspect one another, and can in revenge make all our neighbours equally healthy.. The world has in its course witnessed many spectacles of tyranny—the tyranny of the despot, grievous to the individual, but often leaving to the mass of mankind a large measure of freedom; the tyranny of a Church, and the tyranny of a class. The last phase of tyranny appears to be approaching, the tyranny of the bureaucrat flanked by the doctor and inspector, the most insidious and all-pervading of tyrannies—for if a man must be confined, it is but a matter of degree whether his prison be a Bastille or a State—that tyranny which,

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if it ever be firmly established, the human race will be at length constrained to rise up and smash to fragments. We are all biologists nowadays, and in our theorising on politics we appeal for confirmation to the animal world. The sluggard and the philosopher go to the ant, and the theorist not only curiously admires the commonwealth of the bees and their elaborate dwelling, tier upon tier, but would reduce human life itself to a still more elaborate hive. But it is not without significance that prisons as well as honeycombs have cells.

In the edifice of bureaucratic domination the corner-stone must be the educational system. "I care not who rules the people," said Fletcher of Saltoun, "if I make their songs." "I care not what the government be called," says our modern bureaucrat, "whether Socialism, Toryism, Liberalism, or Kaiserism, provided that I frame the educational code." Take the teacher, feed him forcibly with your opinions, formulas, and clichés, compel him in turn to cram his pupils to the gullet in a similar process, and you will get excellent *pâté de foie gras*. Already we see the enthusiast booming his own nostrum—whether it be compulsory cadet training, total abstinence, Manual Work,

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Civics—attempting to cozen the Board of Education into forcing upon those whose business it is to teach the rising generation some particular point of view or some particular attitude. The shame, if such it be, of a State Church prescribing to all the beliefs which they are to hold, and the usages which they are to observe, is as nothing to the shame of a State Opinion Bureau, issuing its edicts as to what we must say or do, how we must comport ourselves towards various movements, indoctrinating us with whatever sentiments, may best suit our masters, poisoning the wells of controversy, debasing the moral currency, for as Gibbon has told us in a celebrated epigram, the ruler considers only what opinions are useful.¹

Lord Acton once planned a history of Liberty. It was a noble thought, a striking conception—Liberty, the guiding thread that might lead a man unerringly through the inextricable error of human affairs. But the labour proved too great. Had the historian's life been prolonged a generation, the same pen might have accomplished both Liberty's eulogy and its funeral oration. The task

¹ There is, alas ! no need to cite an example in the present year of grace.

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would have been simple of deriving from the ancient bigot with his fagot and Smithfield fires the modern administrator with his schedules and ordinances, his minutes and red tape. Our centre of gravity has indeed shifted. Under Queen Bess we punished non-attendance at Church, under King George non-attendance at School. The bigot is dead, the functionary stands in his shoes. "Le roi est mort, vive le roi." The mechanistic theory has penetrated the realm of political science also.

The administrator's view is the same view as that which Plato enunciated once with such stern beauty. Mankind are slaves to their passions and their prejudices; men cannot understand the true good or life's purpose; we must benevolently persuade, coerce, or hoax¹ them into virtue, or rather into virtuous conduct, and the less they understand of our complex system, the less will they thwart or mar our aims. We must have our Arguses with one hundred eyes, and as many ears, for only if we are omniscient can we achieve omnipotence. Our Education Office

¹ We may, according to Plato, tell the people, not what is true, but what is good for them to believe, as Mr. Livingstone points out.

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will not produce great citizens, but it shall turn out thousands from one cast with extraordinary precision, and it shall be a wondrous calculating machine with a marvellous command of statistics.

• "Education and the Board of Education are two very different things. Education keeps her banking account"—which is pitifully small—"at Whitehall, but lives in a region where the mind of the teacher meets the mind of the scholar." So Sir Lewis Selby-Bigge, the Permanent Secretary to the Board of Education, to the Assistant Masters! Truth will out, even in an after-dinner speech. Unhappily though the Board cannot penetrate into that region where teacher meets scholar, it can put many obstacles in the way of such meeting, and can prescribe the regulations according to which the meeting may take place. Mr. E. G. Holmes, a former Inspector, and thus an accessory to the crime, has lately turned King's evidence, and we now know better what a pernicious influence the Board has exercised upon Elementary Education during the last thirty years and more. And the methods of any body of Government servants cannot in their essence differ in dealing with different divisions of

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the same thing. Testimony to the weak points of the inspectorial system, as it is carried out in Secondary Schools, is borne by Messrs. Norwood and Hope. Inspectors, they declare, are only equal, if not inferior, in intellectual qualifications to those whom they inspect. It is felt that appointments as Inspectors are too often gained by the exercise of private influence, and after a short term of service, or no service at all, in a Secondary School. The Board needs to be decentralised. It should approve a scheme in broad outline of the curriculum; it should give room for experiment; it should leave the Headmaster and his staff alone; it should not require an annual restatement of the School Time-tables in every detail, nor that every change must be approved, and every special time-table of individual boys be sent up. Inspectors should be experts, not men who have learnt to pull wires, who have made a diplomatic marriage, have proved their tact by their dullness, and thus won their appointments. There should be no intrigue or party spirit at the Board of Education.¹

Many great men have borne testimony to the undesirability of a system of State inter-

¹ From Norwood and Hope.

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ference with higher education, and have dwelt upon the disastrous consequences of "the dead hand of outside power" being thrust "into the heart-strings of a living work."¹ The Bryce Commission of 1894 declared in its report that Education is a thing too intimately concerned with individual preference and private life for it to be desirable to throw the whole of it under Government control. Westcott asserted that "any regulation which will impair the freedom and individuality of the teacher will just so far prove destructive of that force which has been hitherto most effective in forming English character." Huxley once said with regard to intermediate education,² "I have never favoured the notion of State intervention in this direction," and Mill declares that "a general State education is a mere contrivance for moulding people to be exactly like one another; in proportion as it is efficient and successful it establishes a despotism over the mind, leading by natural tendency to one over the body."

What is the Board of Education? Passing by without further comment the fact that it is

¹ Thring.

² Quotations from a letter of Dr. Sibly, *Journal of Education*, June 1911.

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a mysterious phrase which denotes sometimes its President, sometimes its Permanent Secretary, sometimes a Second Division Clerk, and sometimes an office boy, we arrive at the conclusion that it is perhaps first and foremost a means of acquiring statistics, and to satisfy its thirst for information numerous forms must be filled up at different times during the year. If these forms are not completed with absolute precision in accordance with the Board's desires, further information entailing further correspondence is sought. As captiousness is a quality well developed amongst the clerks of the Education Office, further correspondence often does arise. All this is very vexatious, especially as no financial compensation is given for the immense amount of secretarial work which is involved, especially in large schools, in the compilation of the information required. This information is of a varied kind, and ranges from such matters as the exact description of the calling of the father of a boy now at school, the aforesaid father having died perhaps ten years previously, to a full list of the textbooks now in use, or an exact account of the way in which some Sixth Form specialist spends every moment of the School time allotted to his private preparation, or a full history of the

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academical and professional career of some temporary master who has spent a fortnight in the School. The Board is, in short, a curious impertinent, a Torquemada, a grand Inquisitionist, which considers no scrap of information as too paltry or too trifling.

It is next the supreme disposer in all matters of curriculum. Full particulars of the time-table of work of every master and of every boy must be sent up yearly in October, and if the amount of time allotted to the various subjects seems improper, or if the curriculum does not hit the fancy of the Board (Examiner, Second Division Clerk, or what-not), the grant is withheld. No deviation may be made from the time-table without notice being given. Moreover, the Board issues a list of regulations with which compliance must be made under the same penalties.

All communications with the Board must be made through a Correspondent; the Headmaster is not recognised, and if he, through forgetfulness or otherwise, communicates directly with the Board, the reply goes to the Correspondent, and there is further delay. The Headmaster conducts the School, and the Correspondent, at the end of the year, signs a declaration that the School has been

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carried on in accordance with the Board's regulations. It is a humorous situation, and reminds one of the editor of the German Socialist paper, whose chief or sole duty is to go to prison for *lèse majesté*, if necessary.

The Board also claims to be an exponent of educational theory, and issues from time to time encyclicals containing full recipes for the instruction of the various subjects of the curriculum. These egregious productions are from the pen of the Honourable W. N. Bruce, a son of Lord Aberdare, who in his youthful days obtained a Third Class in Moderations, but was more distinguished as a Quarter-Miler. In literary matters he does not make the pace a violent one, and though he has the vanity common to the fraternity, is probably a charming man in private life. At a recent dinner of the Headmasters' Association, he favoured the Headmasters with an account of the circumstances of the birth and later history of these children of his imagination, and we gathered that these twopenny¹ treatises on English, Manual Training, &c., have had a wider circulation than he had either desired or deserved. But that perseverance which we associate with the name of Bruce must now be nearly exhausted,

¹ 2½d. post free.

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the last hurdle must soon be taken, and Mr. Brute must seek fresh worlds to conquer. Possibly he may discover some day that his "magnum opus" in so many twopenny parts is based on a delusion, the delusion that there is one way, and one way alone, of teaching a subject; that the exponent of method generally enunciates either platitudes or formulas; that if the pupil has little to do with rule or rote, still less has the teacher; that the only answer to the question, what is the best method, is *solvitur docendo*, an answer which admits of manifold interpretation; that the *ex cathedra* style is least of all suitable for discussions on the art of teaching; that even the best of all methods may be unintelligently grasped and slavishly followed; and that God fulfils Himself in many ways lest one good custom should corrupt the world.

As the Board is an exponent of educational theory, it naturally regards itself as an arbiter of efficiency, and a list of schools recognised by the Board as efficient is published annually. One looks in vain for the names of some of England's greatest schools, and it is a poor compensation to find that the list contains the names of many new or struggling seminaries upon which no person, however

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charitably minded, could bestow the epithet "efficient," and to which no person who knows what constitutes a good education—not even an Inspector—could ever send a son of his. Thus we have this farcical situation. Not all efficient Schools are on the Board's list; some inefficient Schools are. Many highly efficient Schools are *not* on the Board's list, and the Board would run the risk of incurring heavy damages for libel if it branded as inefficient Schools which have not submitted to the sacred rite of inspection. Those who, like Mr. Sadler, wish to see the State most intimately concerned with Secondary Education are forced to admit that, even with a national system of education, it would be desirable that there should exist some avowedly anti-national schools which should be untrammelled by State restrictions, so long as their drainage was satisfactory and their teachers well qualified.

Yet at present the chains which bind us are mainly of our own forging. No law enacts that any or every school must be subjected to the Board of Education and its domiciliary visits, and in our school schemes the Board merely appears as an authority armed with certain judicial powers which may be exer-

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cised upon appeal.¹ The connecting link—and a thin link it often is—is the cash nexus. Never has there been a greater illusion. Many a Board of Governors may have surrendered itself to the dominion of Whitehall in the hope of financial compensations. But for every pound that the Board gives it demands in the end two, three, or more. The master-mind who devised the present system of grants showed consummate skill in making a little appear a lot. Such skill deserves respectful recognition, and should be transferred from the Education Office to the Treasury. The system is based upon the theory that the boy passes at the age of twelve from the Primary to the Secondary School, and at the age of eighteen, if he has not previously succumbed to the temptation to "start life," passes to the University. Theory does not correspond with fact. Boys who are to have a Secondary School Education should, it is now generally recognised, in all cases enter before the age of twelve, and a large number of Schools of high efficiency and long-cherished traditions admit boys in their Junior Depart-

¹ Only if provisions of the scheme are violated. The Board exercises this jurisdiction merely as a successor to the Charity Commissioners.

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ments at the age of eight, or even earlier. All these boys are thus, from the financial point of view, a dead-weight, as the School fee does not pay for the cost of their tuition, and there is no Government grant. Yet all who have to deal with these matters will agree that a boy's loyalty to a School with which he is connected for a period of many years must be greater, his esprit de corps higher, and his progress more rapid than that of a boy who spends three years at a School to be "finished," and who, like Charles Lamb, atones for coming late by going early. However, a boy who is under the magic age of twelve on July 31, *i.e.* six weeks at least before the School year actually begins, even if he lacks that age by a single day, can earn no grant for another twelve months. Striking an average, we may compute that a boy will not begin to earn a grant, which at the most is only £5 per annum, until he is twelve and a half years of age. Thus if a School has, as it should have, its complement of Juniors, and also its Sixth Form boys who are proceeding at nineteen to the Universities, the average grant per boy will work out at merely £3 per head. Against this we must set the time spent, or wasted, in compiling returns,

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the money expended perforce in providing new equipment—and a Full Inspection will often result, *e.g.*, in a requisition for new Science Buildings at a cost of £2000, a raising of the staff's salaries,¹ £200, sundry other improvements, £100—the necessity of admitting a large number of boys from Elementary Schools for nothing, and of submitting the School to some more or less direct form of municipal control, for which submission a large sum might reasonably be claimed as moral and intellectual damage. Our birthright has been sold for a gallon or two of cabbage water.

Eulogies of the beneficent results of inspection sometimes appear in the educational journals. Let us take the most elaborate of all inspections, the full inspection, which comes every three or four years, and consider what it amounts to. Jaded inspectors who have rushed from the four ends of England swoop down upon a School, interview flustered Masters, and see excited Forms at work for a few hours. Everyone is in a state of suppressed agitation, and the School is in anything but a normal

¹ That object, of course, is entirely laudable, but the Board should show a more practical interest by giving grants for this specific purpose. The reader should note the disproportion between the expenditure on improved buildings and improved salaries.

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condition. Some insight into the methods of the School may undoubtedly be gained, and some conception both of the general lines upon which the School is working, and even of the progress which it is making towards its ideals; but the true spirit of a School, if it be fortunate enough to have an ethos of its own, escapes the hurried glance. Few men teach before visitors as they would in their absence, and it is quite impossible to discover whether the teacher is a moderate or a good disciplinarian, whether he works his Forms hard week in and week out, and whether he has that mysterious quality, "drive." To test the last two points a written examination is required, a thing which all good Inspectors disdain.

But when we pass to methods there is no arguing as to tastes. No two men can agree, and certainly no two Inspectors. What is one hierarch's meat is another's poison. Teachers who are unwise enough to take outside suggestions too seriously to heart may find at the next shuffle of the Whitehall pack of cards that what was once blessed is now banned, that they must revise all their methods and start anew, for as some one has said, "Nothing is so dangerous as being too modern; one is apt to become old-fashioned quite suddenly."

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The adoption of some methods "dates" one fearfully. Apparently there is no universally recognised body of doctrine enshrined in the official archives, for though some circulars read like the effusions of a milk-and-water Athanasius, and dimly hint at weeping and gnashing of teeth in the outer darkness of damnation, it would seem that not all Inspectors are conversant with the chief hierarch's circulars, perhaps the wiser they. And so what one urges, another may dissuade, and those who are not too precipitate in change, may find their own cherished method, which was but now *démodé*, the *dernier cri* again; for though official mills grind exceeding small, they assuredly grind exceeding slow, and there are pigeon-holes in Headmasters' studies and Governors' offices as well as at Whitehall.

And then, after the inspectorial orgy has ended, there are long conferences. Hundreds of suggestions are made, unhappy Masters get Inspection headaches and indigestions, Governing Bodies are interviewed and left in a state of high bewilderment, comprehending nothing, except that once again the purse-strings must be loosed. After three or four months' interval—there is no indecent haste—a printed report comes down from London, its recommenda-

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tions are discussed, and if much money is involved in carrying the recommendations out, the document is probably soon consigned to the safe or the archive chest. All men breathe more freely, some slumber peacefully for another four years.

We have reached an epoch in the history of the cult of the fetish especially interesting to the anthropologist. The fetish of this enlightened generation is the printed page. Printing is indeed a marvellous art, an art more marvellous than we usually recognise, but not every printed thing deserves the awesome reverence, the servile genuflexions with which, in common with the Papuan or the Patagonian, we adore it. The Governmental paper is a woeful puzzle, expressed deliberately in language not to be understood of the vulgar. One word must never be used when six will suffice; those who seek enlightenment from such documents must merely be bewildered and confounded, such are the general principles on which the composers proceed. The unhappy workman who frantically strives to understand some clause of the Insurance Bill, the Elementary teacher who attempts to grasp the intent of some article in his code, the professional man who endeavours to discover

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his exact liability for Income-Tax,¹ which with modern methods of preparing Budgets may vary from week to week, are all victims of the jargon fetish and its abracadabras. When one rises from wrestling, whether with a Board of Education's regulations, or with the rules of a Railway Company, which also receive an official imprimatur, or with some other departmental memoranda or provisions, all framed upon the principle, "Heads, I win; Tails, you lose," one's natural impulse is to go straight-way and violate each one of this chain of petty and vexatious ordinances, even though individually the regulations may be unexceptionable, or at anyrate based on some unexceptionable theory. Thou shalt and Thou shalt not hedge us in on every side. It is an object lesson in the latest developments of Democracy, as trust in the people, this seine whose meshes are so elastic that it can imprison shrimp and crab-fish as well as cod and sturgeon. Our souls are in the snare of the fowler, and none will break it for us. But as Inspectors, who blurt out the truth occasionally, tell us, originality is not required in our profession.

¹ The Secondary teacher—if his average income is £168 per annum, as we are told—is not troubled much by this anxiety.

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Why is it, then, that Whitehall is a beacon light in the darkness to so many educationists, and that Mr. Norwood,¹ whose fortune seemed to have doomed to an official existence, regards the State as "the only guide out of the wilderness," and looks to it to remove all obstacles to its purposes, to standardise all Schools, and to coerce the Universities into obedience to its behests? It is in Mr. Norwood's case the optimism of the idealist, who exclaims with Archimedes, "Give me a lever of sufficient strength and I will lift the world," and who does not stop to consider whether he can control the tremendous forces which he has set in motion. In other cases it is that politeness and desire to prophesy smooth things which characterises us when in session, and in other cases it is the astuteness of the educational monomaniac, who sees in the Board his only hope of thrusting his nostrum upon the educational world. He must needs beslobber the Board with fulsome flattery; he must always in effect be saying, "George, be a king."

The birth of a new method is an interesting

¹ The books of reference reveal the interesting fact that Mr. Norwood, who achieved the high distinction of first place on the list in the Home Service Competition, was a clerk in the Admiralty for a year before he entered the profession which he so much adorns.

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study in genetics. Some person, generally not a teacher, or ~~not~~ a successful teacher, is possessed with the idea that he has discovered something which will revolutionise the world. All the great discoveries in education have been made many times over, but no matter. He reads a paper at some meeting, which is received with much politeness, but scarcely seriously discussed. The journals add their compliments, and the method is fairly launched. Some enterprising publisher, who is always issuing books which no teacher wants—and apparently selling some—brings out a series, or constructs apparatus based on the method, and there are flattering reviews. A friend, or friends, of the new prophet start a correspondence in various papers explaining the benefits of the new method. The log-rolling process continues, and Inspectors begin to hint that the new method might be tried. The suggestion is adopted, generally by those teachers who have least confidence in themselves, and they make frightful mistakes. In a year or two it is discovered, and acknowledged "sub rosa," that the method has failed hopelessly, and it gives way to a more "up-to-date" successor.

The much-belauded Montessori system, based upon the view that the child must find

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out its own aptitude and then develop it at its own pleasure, may, in the hands of Madame Montessori herself, have been successful in developing the faculties of mentally deficient children of tender years. Indeed, it is doubtful whether the education—in its vaguest sense—of children in their early years should be very systematic, or at any rate elaborately methodical. The shades of the prison-house fall around the child early enough in any case. It is, however, safe to predict that the poor Montessori teacher will be not merely inferior to the poor Froebel teacher, but immeasurably inferior. To all great teachers the rules are their very obedient servants, and there is method in their lack of method. But the ordinary teacher cannot cast method to the winds without meeting with disaster.

This method is very old.¹ Goethe in "Wilhelm Meister" tells us of an abbé who held that education ought in every case to be adapted to the inclinations: "If we consider well, we shall find that every capability, however slight, is born with us; that there is no vague general capability in men. It is our ambiguous, dissipating education that makes

¹ Dr. Hayward points out in his book how many theories are for the present out-of-date.

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men uncertain: it awakens wishes when it should be animating tendencies; instead of forwarding our real capacities, it turns our efforts towards objects which are frequently discordant with the mind which aims at them." To this "whim" a family of four were subjected. In the case of two, Lothario and Natalia, the results were satisfactory; but as for Friedrich, the countess, who had herself been trained according to these paradoxes, fears that he will fall a victim to this "experiment in pedagogy." That boys and girls of more advanced years will ever fall victims also is very improbable. The counter-influences are too strong. "No Dogma, no Dean," Disraeli once told Dean Stanley. "No repression of the individual, no time-table, no curriculum, no Board of Education," is an unanswerable chain of logic.

To speak more generally, the new method is too often the child of complaisance, credulity, and conceit, and nothing in that case can save it permanently. No new method has no intermixture of good. All contain some truth seen out of focus. What there is of good in the "new" method will survive and endure, but how often, alas! in the world of ideals Atlantis proves a mere Laputa.

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But our own Laputans have lost their flappers, and it will be hard to recall them to realities. The idea underlying all the expressions of opinion of the Fellows of this Academy is that the teacher, being ignorant of his own business, must be instructed by those who are expert. "Lame ducks" may be found in our profession as in all professions, but it may be questioned whether there is in England outside the Universities a body of men which can challenge a comparison with us in point of academic distinctions, and in point of culture combined with man-of-the-worldliness. We have not attached much importance to theoretic training, but being educated men we naturally refer to general principles; we cannot help meditating on our profession and its problems, and theorising upon the mass of particulars that daily come before our notice. We have accumulated a number of guiding principles as well as a great body of professional lore, and as men of the world we have attained a certain skill in applying them. We are impatient, perhaps too impatient, of the benevolent efforts of Good Samaritans, whose professional career would terminate after a single hour with a class of average high spirits and average mischief. Tradition records that

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one delightful discourser on education was usually late for his classes, and when he arrived oft slumbered. In this case not discipline but diligence was lacking. Of another shining light of progress it is related that when he was an Assistant Master a bet was made and won by one of his pupils that he would shave himself during "prep" undetected. Of such material are great educationists made. And when a Government emissary enters our studies, however polished his manners—and to give Whitehall its due, its representatives generally satisfy the highest social standards—we are apt to regard as a nuisance one who through having a fragmentary acquaintance with the circumstances of forty schools is presumed to be infallible as regards any one, and we are tempted to inquire, at least mentally, what is our visitor's authority, and who gave him that authority?

Inspectorships are like the Order of the Garter, there is no merit about them. Few Inspectors have enjoyed much experience in teaching of any description. One eminent official once occupied the honorific post of tutor to an Oriental prince. It is doubtful whether such an occupation gives a man much insight into the problems of English educa-

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tion, and the post of bear-leader may result in the leader's acquiring certain bearish qualities. Aspirants to inspectorial status, after making their election sure, usually spend a year teaching. If they then obtain a nomination, they may prescribe to all and sundry the principles on which they must act, as difficult a task as that of the curate of twenty-three who instructs elderly Christians in the rudiments of righteousness. Unless he is too indiscriminate in his censure, the Inspector may then go on criticising till his pension falls due.

Yet he is, perhaps, more to be pitied than to be blamed, and the critic may often feel, "But for the grace of God, there go I." He is condemned to the nomadcity of the Wandering Jew, to sleep in sheets of dubious dryness, to sit or talk in draughty coffee-rooms—how feelingly he complains of the inns of England—to pass on like the phantom Dutchman, ever seeking the perfect pedagogue and never finding him. He is always imbibing educational cocktails, and like his close parallel, the tea-taster, he suffers from an unrelenting indigestion. He lives on orts and scraps of learning. Who can blame the jaded one if he sometimes

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shows a preference for the bizarre and freakish, if finding a teacher instructing his class reclining full length on a form or standing on his head, he should feel inclined to describe him as highly original and stimulating?

One thing is obvious. Those who believe in Inspectors cannot accept the present condition of affairs. The chief safeguard now against oppression or meddling is that the hierarchy is too small to perform thoroughly the duties that its admirers would assign to it. An Inspector who visits a School but once a Term has a poor opportunity of detecting the teacher's nefarious proceedings, or of pointing out his faults. He has, one presumes, many reports to make, and is constantly being called away to other areas to take part in full inspections. In the case of a big school it would indeed be necessary for him to be quartered on the premises. He is supposed to be proficient in one subject or group of subjects, but must inspect in all.¹ This gives his dicta at times the charm of novelty, as a Classical man's views on the

¹ This will not apply to full inspections, except in the case of very small Schools.

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methods of teaching Mathematics, or a Scientist's views on how to teach English Literature are often a surprise to those who have been teaching these subjects all their lives. Again, if an Inspector is to be both the intellectual and professional superior of the inspected, his salary must be raised considerably, in order that the position may be eagerly sought by those who have held high rank in the profession. Critics ought not always to be those who have failed in their vocation, but the most fulsome panegyrists of the hierarchy have so far failed to observe this need for Inspectors of a different stamp. And yet they imagine that men like the Headmasters of Rugby and St. Paul's, who would never at present consent to be "promoted" to the Inspectorate, will under a national system meekly submit to the judgment of those who have never been able to attain to any exalted position as teachers.

Is there a place, then, for the Inspector in our educational world? Yes, I think. The best of men are at times ensnared in the toils of routine, and, worst of all, are ignorant of the fact. I do not suggest that these men should give up one routine to adopt another still more elaborate routine, but an occasional

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talk with an intelligent man of wide experience in educational problems, who can put fresh points of view before a teacher and force him not merely to entrench himself behind the impregnable ramparts of non possumus, but in mere courtesy to consider other aspects perhaps before disregarded, and to argue out the reasons for his own methods, and the reasons for and against other people's methods, should be productive of valuable results. The possibility of a call from some one who may note that we are indifferent, and careless has a bracing effect upon all of us. These criticisms and suggestions—with the tactful Inspector they will generally be the latter—will be criticisms and suggestions, not instructions, and failure to comply with them should involve no financial or other penalty. We live in a world where more evil is wrought through ignorance and misunderstanding than in malice prepense. If a teacher is ignorant of what other people are doing, and of what the best teachers are achieving, he will, unless he has reached the age at which further change is hopeless, be grateful for information and suggestions imparted in a conciliatory manner.

Matthew Arnold objects to such a system

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in a passage worth quoting:¹ "Many an English squire in like manner wishes for the stimulant of inspection, while he is determined to keep his school entirely independent." In other words, he wishes to have an inspector down from London occasionally, as he would have a landscape-gardener or an architect, to talk to him about his school, to hear his advice, and to be free to dismiss him as he might dismiss the landscape-gardener or the architect the moment his advice becomes unpalatable. He wishes to have a public functionary to act as showman to his school once a year. But it is not for this that the State pays its servants. State supervision is useless if it can be rejected the moment it becomes a reality, the moment it tends to enforce general reason against individual caprice. The counsels of inspection to be of any real worth must be in some way or other authoritative."

Is Saul also among the prophets of Authoritarianism? one asks. Is the sworn opponent of dogmatic Christianity to establish a new dogma? The Board of Education is not an Athanasius contra mundum possessed alone

¹ Huxley, "Thoughts on Education from Matthew Arnold," p. 36.

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of the truth. There is at present, as Dr. Hayward has pointed out in his criticisms of the Board, no generally accepted body of educational doctrine based on the investigations of an exact science, and men must, at present at least, rely on individual reason and resist a quite spurious authority. Secondly, it is so often the man and not the method that counts, and the great teacher can break all the rules and yet achieve miracles. Think, reader, how many of the striking teachers that you and I, and all of us, knew in our youth, would now be ranked as old fogeys. And yet they made men. And, finally, if the teacher is poor or bad, it is probably useless for him to attempt to change his methods, and he must go on as best he can. In fact, this is the course in which all prudent Inspectors now acquiesce. "*Quieta non movere*" and "Don't worry" are not heroic policies, but when several futile attempts have been made to effect amendments, the old hand shrugs his shoulders and tries no more.

Who shall the Inspector of our sketch be? An ex-Schoolmaster, of course, with fifteen years or more experience in the class-room. He will have neither the divine fervour nor the untiring vigour of youth, neither its por-

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tentous earnestness nor its delightful certainty as to everything, but he will lack the frantic fussiness of age, and will have acquired the mellowed cynicism of middle life. He will have seen too many rival theories shoot up like rockets, explode in dazzling coruscations and fade into blank nothingness, to allow himself to be carried away by any veering wind of doctrine. He neither swears by nor at any man or thing, and his favourite quotation is "Que sçais-je?" He may have lost a little of his freshness and mental edge, but he is richly dowered with experience; and his farewell to the class-room as an occupant, and his appearances there as visitor, have given him an intellectual stimulus which will stave off intellectual atrophy for at least another ten years. He will be well paid—for how in the present stage of civilisation can he descend upon a school and criticise men who are earning as much or more than he?—and he will not be either overworked or perfunctory, as he must be now. He will have much sympathy with the new generation which has succeeded to his own, and though inclined to be a "laudator temporis acti," will make all allowances for those who had not the good fortune to be born when Plancus was consul. He has a

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great aversion for bunkum, will not take youthful earnestness au grand sérieux, but will poke fun at its high-faluting language. He will play to perfection the rôle of armchair critic, and will be the guide, counsellor, and friend of those whom he criticises. His kindly admonitions will be listened to with composure at any rate, especially when the sufferers remember that the torturer is one of themselves, and that he has made room for some rising man to take his place as Head or Assistant Master.

But this is an ideal picture. If we decide upon a State system of education the hierarchy must include the teacher, and not leave him without the charmed circle. Much of what Dr. Hayward says¹ in his spirited attack upon the Elementary Inspector is equally true of his Secondary colleague. He is the result of the choice of chance, and there can be no real sympathy or understanding existing between him and the men of equal or greater ability but of inferior status whom he essays to supervise.

"He doth bestride the world
Like a Colossus, and we petty men
Walk under his huge legs and peep about
To find ourselves dishonourable graves."

¹ "The Psychology of Educational Administrators."

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And yet we were born free as Cæsar in most cases.

Messrs. Norwood and Hope believe that a School runs no more risk of losing its individuality by being helped and guided to its highest self-realisation than a boy who is subjected to the same process. The analogy is entirely false. The master is always working for the time when his pupil shall have reached the goal of independence of thought and judgment, for the time when he shall act for himself. The relationship between boy and master and the difference in intellect and experience in no way correspond with any difference between a Headmaster and an Examiner sitting in his room at Whitehall. It is possible that the Examiner is not fit to black the Headmaster's boots; in any case there are strong odds that the Headmaster is the peer of the Examiner. The authors are too modest. Dr. Hayward has pointed out in his lively book that there are no master-minds at Whitehall, none whose names instinctively recur to men as reputed authorities on any branch of Educational Science. There are certainly not half a dozen Norwoods at Whitehall; but with all respect to the brilliant Headmaster of Bristol, there are, I believe, half a dozen men

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of equal calibre engaged in teaching in our Public and Grammar Schools. We are not babes and sucklings, nor are we puppets to be manipulated by a hand one hundred miles away.

Again we must return to first principles, tiresome as any principles at all are to most men and to most readers. No compromise can bridge the gulf between the two opposing theories, the one that men are sheep which must be shepherded—a theory leading to Cæsarism or philosophic despotism; the other that men are flesh and blood and apprehensive, whom the statesman or the expert must persuade by sweet reasonableness—a theory tending to genuine democracy, not the spurious democracy of the present day. The vogue of the sheep-dog conception of the State is largely the *damnosa hereditas* of Matthew Arnold, whose influence on Secondary Education, despite many noble passing utterances, has been in many ways pernicious. As Arnold said with wearisome iteration, Secondary Education must be organised—*i.e.* converted into an elaborate machine. Complexity of organisation may be an urgent need in many things, but Education is, above all other arts and professions, that which can profit least and may lose

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most from machinery. No one has spoken with more unerring insight than Arnold of this "strange disease of modern life, with its sick hurry, its divided aims, its heads o'er-taxed, its palsied hearts," of men who pursue

"Our business with unslackening stride—
And see all sights from pole to pole
And glance, and nod, and bustle by
And never once possess our soul
Before we die."

Sublimely said. But while Dr. Jekyll urged men to possess their souls—have *we* no souls? Mr. Hyde, H.M.I., from his Pisgah heights proclaimed the glories of the coming age of System, when the quintessence of wisdom should descend in sheaves and circulars, and all the lucubrations of the highly-placed official should be credited with a verbal inspiration which the Scriptures did not possess in the gospel according to St. Matthew Arnold. We are to be in future merely a well-drilled body of educators, as obedient as Jesuits, and as unscrupulous. We must never make speeches to one another, and our books must be anonymous. If we are obstinate the machine will crush us as quickly, as heedlessly, and as thoroughly as a flying motor-car flattens out a chicken, not because it has any malice,

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but because we are in the way. We must at any moment stand and deliver any information required, evolving what we do not know from our imagination. We must be walled in on all sides by prohibitions and trussed up in red tape, for Whitehall presses hard the doctrine of original sin. We must efface ourselves, for Whitehall, which should say to the good teacher, "Be yourself," to the moderate teacher, "Do your best," and to the bad teacher, "Go," says to all, "Be myself." Some there are who cherish the fond hope that we shall be able to make the best of both worlds, that we shall enjoy all the advantages of undisturbed tenure, ample salaries, and adequate pensions (advantages in which we are now luxuriating!), and yet be free as air. It is a vain delusion. Our masters could not grant us such freedom even if they would. Not even the all-powerful bureaucrat can eat his cake and have it, nor can his servants.

The spirit of a great School is not found in Blue Books, nor does it reside in pigeon-holes. It is the rare product of a long line of devoted labourers who have handed on the torch of life. It is an inspiration which no State functionary can impart, and none should seek to take away. Let those neighbours of

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burning Ucalegon, whose houses are still intact, turn upon the blaze the hose of common sense with all their speed. The fine saying of Professor Raleigh is as profoundly true in the case of a School as in the case of a University. The State can fashion the body—*in the hope* only that the soul may enter it.

CHAPTER VI

THE LAMENT OF THE ASSISTANT MASTER

BUT I am checked in angry and impatient tones by one who has long listened with ill-concealed annoyance. "You have discoursed of Pumps and Hierarchies, you have celebrated fulsome eulogies of inspired Headmasters, must I not have some niche within your temple? You have denounced the wrongs of your oppressed confrères, you have lashed the Shallows and the Bumbles, have you reserved none of your invective for the more bitter woes of the Assistant Master?"

To my imaginary interlocutor I would thus reply. I too can make the Horatian boast, "*militavi non sine gloria.*" I too, after desperate combats with more or less of glory, have left my shield a trophy for the enemy. I have heard the chimes at midnight in the hot times of turbulent youth; I have uttered whirling words in common rooms, that haven of the hard-driven. For a few moments I will gaze into the dark backward and abysm of time—

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for so it seems, slight though the tale of years may be—and seek to call to mind those halcyon days before I was promoted to the dubious distinction, enjoyed but for a few months, of youngest Headmaster in England. The various Schools with which I had acquaintance as an Assistant Master blend together in the memory, but an image dim, yet not altogether blurred, reveals itself.

There are at least two sides to every question. In those far-off days I grasped one point of view with great clearness, especially as I thought it occasionally ignored by those in authority, but now I perceive that there were many others. I envied then my Head his power of instant command, that quick decision to which it seemed natural that all should yield instant obedience, and perhaps thought it was an unfair advantage. I now can recognise what a strong shield of defence my Head's authority was. We lived in a world of School, well fenced from the complaints of censorious parents, and from the criticism or converse of illiterate Governors, a blessing never to be sufficiently acknowledged. At times we murmured about boys' shortcomings or each other's foibles; we did not denounce Councillor X's lack of scruple or Alderman Z's

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vulgarity, for we knew little of the existence of these worthies, and cared less. We did not read the local paper; we did not attend municipal levées or bow down to municipal officials, our duty was confined to teaching our pupils and to keeping them in proper order. Our hasty expressions, our occasional outbursts, our possible errors of tact—matters which doubtless gave our Head a world of trouble—were all smoothed over, and the impossible feat was daily achieved of calming indignant parents, toning down harsh utterances and trenchant actions without severe fault-finding and without diminution of our prestige. Irrational and ill-balanced creature as the parent sometimes is, incapable of ruling his household or of allowing others to do so, he is a blunderer rather than a criminal, and he was tamed into docility rather than frightened into frenzy. I have learnt since, good Sir, what you can never learn till you too are degraded into a Headmaster—how much of the diplomat must needs lie beneath the exterior of the despot.

I would crave your attention for a few moments still longer. I diligently read my "A.M.A.," that Dionysius' ear of the Headmaster, which, if he is a subscriber, is so thoughtfully sent to him a day in advance of

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his staff. I find as I look through the issues of the last four years, as they lie before me on my table, that much water has flowed beneath the bridges since the days when I was a member of the Council of the Assistant Masters' Association. The journal aptly ministers to a deep-seated need of mankind, the need of blowing off steam occasionally. I can give violent utterances their proper discount; I know that everything must not be taken *au pied de la lettre*; but I should be alarmed if an outsider, reading some of the naïve, and untutored effusions of its correspondents, imagined that the mighty intellects of our profession were narrowed within the limits of their Association's organ. Your aims are still perhaps the same, your methods how different!

In the first place, you feel that you are desperately in need of money, and insist on having it at all costs. Heaven knows that there is need enough. I leave it to another to cast the first stone. But there are other ways of attracting attention besides standing on one's head, and some of your own members venture to hint that the salary propaganda is being overdone. After all, what shall it profit a Schoolmaster if he pull every wire and lose his own soul?

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Then you are a Trades-Union. That need not alarm you; so are lawyers and medical men. But what sort of a Trades-Union? It is right that the strong should support the weak, that the "intellectual" should stand shoulder to shoulder with the rank and file. The "intellectuals," indeed, have never failed in their duties, and have always to a large extent officered and led the Assistant Masters' Association. If now the Association decides to adopt the methods of most Trade-Unions, to exploit the able for the benefit of the incompetent, to put the mediocrity on a couch of down, but to fling the brilliant man on a bed of Procrustes; if the able man is not to do his best lest he should put out of countenance, the idler who will not, and the incompetent who cannot, do any best; if a minimum of attainments is to secure a maximum of salary, then the advance of the Association will be prejudicial to the advance of Education. Such a policy will not win the world's support, even if it be preluded by perfervid eulogies of the Schoolmaster as the noblest work of God. Once a Schoolmaster always a Schoolmaster, and though the fire of youth may wane, the eye be dimmed, the natural force be so much abated that competence is impossible, the School-

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master must remain "charmed, sacrosanct, in spell-bound permanence," as firmly rooted as a rector, and more immovable than a judge. May no Headmaster be conceded this sacrosanctity.

But what of your orientation? The Headmaster! voilà l'ennemi! No doubt there has been some justification for this view. Some Headmasters have gone about like fire-breathing dragons, seeking whom they may slay; some have boasted to awe-struck candidates for appointment that they have their Governors "under their thumb." Some have regarded their Assistants as employees, whose first duty is a pliant docility. A Headmaster of a Public School, who is now a Canon Residentiary, once neglected to return his testimonials to an applicant for a post in his School. The Assistant Master—he was young and untamed then—wrote in barbed phrases requesting their return. They were returned, and with them came an angry, scolding note advising the recipient to "keep a civil tongue in his head." The phrase and the attitude are dying out. Many Headmasters have been members of your Association, and cannot for very shame recant their former utterances; few Headmasters are happily enough circumstanced to

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boast that their Governors are their footstool; the Headmaster of Market Bosworth Grammar School has retired to a cure of souls after the Battle of Bosworth Field had been waged so fiercely for a couple of years upon the front page of your magazine.¹ It is you who compile black lists, not we. There are indeed occasional confessions that Governing Bodies' little fingers' are thicker than Headmasters' loins, and the air is thick with denunciations of committees which attempt to pay 10½ months' salary for a year's work,² or which seek in defiance of pledged words to economise by reductions of Assistants' salaries, or of Inspectors of slight experience who suggest the dismissal of seasoned Masters. But when you have cut the claws and filed the teeth of the monster that has so long oppressed you, what then? The King's Government must still be carried on, unless you would "i' the Commonwealth by contraries execute all things, no name of magistrate, no sovereignty." Some would put a Headmaster's power in

¹ This device has been adopted from the National Union of Teachers.

² The Master, who must be paid monthly for this trick to succeed, is given notice which expires at the end of July, his successor is engaged from the middle of September. Even the stupidest of animals have a certain low cunning.

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commission,¹ and would face cheerfully the prospect of government by Masters' Meeting. But whatever other virtues a Masters' Meeting may have, it has not the gift of rapid decision. Too many of us live in a world of nicely-balanced probabilities, and it is an unbearable agony for a finely-poised intellect to come to a hasty conclusion. We need Alexanders to cut Gordian knots rather than vastly analytic Hamlets to palter and procrastinate. Others look to the State. Beware lest the fairy godmother of your imagination prove a malign stepmother. The State has done little for you except bombard you with circulars and harry you with Inspectors who can cut a throat with a whispered slander in a Headmaster's study. It has, it is true, produced paper schemes by the dozen for providing you with pensions not more lavish than those to which elementary teachers are entitled.

Yes! you may soon realise that Codlin's your friend, not Short, and that there are some advantages in a buffer state. After all, even the most absolute of Headmasters from the most selfish of motives desires his School to

¹ Professor Armstrong would have the Headmaster and his Assistants turn and turn about! Does he adopt this method in his own Laboratory?

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be a success. A despot, but an intelligent despot, he will get the last ounce of work out of his Assistants; but when he has a good steed he will be anxious to keep him, and anxious therefore for him to have a comfortable stable and a well-filled manger.

Your members may be divided into two classes—those who attend its meetings, and those (the majority) who do not. The divisional meetings are not too well attended; the general meeting of January 1914—of an Association containing 5000 members—was attended by a bare hundred! Those who attend meetings, laudably anxious to keep up the general spirits, talk on their highest note. Nothing is damaged, not even the ceiling. The School-master is not a firebrand, and even those lofty spirits who are transported out of themselves by their own eloquence are in the performance of their duties probably as humdrum as their duller brethren. Those who talk of Emergency Funds to support strikes, or to protect those who are unjustly treated, or to secure less well-defined aims, will certainly find, as correspondents of the A.M.A. have not failed to point out, that the solidarity of an Association which is composed of all sorts and conditions of men, from the plutocratic House-Master

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of Eton to the ex-elementary teacher of some municipal school, would be at once destroyed by any reckless measures. This result would be regrettable in the extreme. It is desirable that somebody should be able to speak for all Secondary Schoolmasters, and if this province should be left unoccupied it will at once be invaded by the National Union of Teachers, which has long been sighing for fresh realms to conquer.

The present programme of your Association appears to be better salaries, adequate pensions, fixity of tenure, the right of appeal against dismissal, the appointment of Assistant Masters to sit on all Governing Bodies, and the abolition of the present Examination system. Some of your proposals are highly reasonable, some are more controversial, but remember that the world at large will consider one question and no other, the question whether efficiency will be promoted by the carrying out of your proposals.

It is a pity to spoil a good case by over-statement. It is true that salaries are higher in France and Germany, but it is disingenuous to ignore the fact that the starting salary in these countries is much smaller, and that a German master requires several years,

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and a course of training to boot, to attain to the salary which an Englishman can command forthwith. It is unfair to leave out of consideration the fact that Frenchmen and Germans are hedged in by a series of restrictions which find no parallel in England, where our only restraints are those unwritten laws to which most of us can give a cheerful obedience. It is a tortuous manoeuvre to draw up a model ranging from £150 to £300 per annum, a scale which nine-tenths of us would regard as a visionary hope, and then at the request of London members to evolve a scale still higher. Differential treatment of any sort has always been sternly rejected. The scale is based on the fundamental falsity that all men are equal, an axiom that is particularly false in a Secondary School, where all men are at least different.¹ Still, the difficulties of rigidly individual treatment are so great that Headmasters and Governing Bodies are likely to accept the scale system—rule-of-thumb though it be—as the most economical, of time and trouble. But unless several scales, suitably graded, are in existence, much injustice will

¹ The conclusions of Science are here at one with common experience. See the address of the President of the British Association, 1914.

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be done. *Ceteris paribus* a Double First is entitled to a much higher pecuniary recognition of his labours than a poll-degree man, and between the passmen who do so much valuable work as Form and Junior Masters and the mighty intellects of Sixth Form Masters and Heads of Departments, there is an intermediate class of able men, often extremely good teachers, whose important function it is to keep the work of the middle school up to a high standard. We are sometimes told that the instructor in Clay-Modelling or Gymnastics is as essential a part of the School as the Greek Composition Master. Let those who adopt this line of argument never forget the strenuous labours of the Laboratory boy ceaselessly—while he is under surveillance, at any rate—plying his “swab” and ever cleaning his test-tubes, or the kindly offices of the dames, without whom our abodes would so soon be uninhabitable, who invade our class-rooms at the moment of dismissal and char and scour so vigorously. Those who have not yet scaled these lofty heights of equalitarianism will hold that in any scientific system of remuneration the three grades above mentioned would certainly be recognised, but the Assistant Masters’ Association offers

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no guidance as to the proper method of dealing with abilities and qualities of this sort. They have filled in imagination the pockets of the least highly qualified with untold wealth, and the rest they have sent empty away. And this is the more regrettable as in the nature of things all men cannot be Headmasters. Some do not desire this destiny (O fortunatimium!), and have prudently chopped up for firewood the Field-Marshal's baton with which their knapsack was once cumbered. To such men adequate consolation prizes should be offered, but their Association is indifferent.

Moreover, candour will compel the admission that not all present Schoolmasters are by any computation worth £300 per annum. Indeed, could some Cromwell by a stroke of the pen raise every man's salary to-morrow to that figure, I do not hesitate to say that the results would be calamitous. That natural process by which are weeded out the indifferent who find the monetary rewards too small, and the incompetent, whose other troubles are too weighty, would at once come to an end, and with its end would also fade the prospect of any speedy improvement of the world of Secondary Education. Whereas, the results

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of a steady, continuous, but not necessarily steep rise of salaries spread over many years would be unreservedly beneficent and lasting.

Comparisons with other professions are not so striking or so clear in the application as we are sometimes told. In spite of all our anxieties, our sickness rate is low, as we find when we come to form a professional benefit society.¹ If we have less hours a week actual work—arduous though the work may be—two half-holidays or more a week, and long vacations, we shall never convince our paymasters that they ought to reward us as liberally as other men of similar abilities and training elsewhere. A government official requires some compensation for the degradation that resides in being an official, for the fact that he is now merely a highly-organised machine. We have the inestimable advantage of ample leisure for self-culture, and we must pay the price cheerfully. We enjoin upon the world that it must use its leisure more nobly, that a liberal education is the key to a proper use of leisure and a proper conception of man's place in the universe; we inculcate

¹ See advertisement of Secondary and University Teachers' Provident Society.

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by implication the need of returning to the paths of simplicity, the need of substituting contentment for enjoyment; we declare that merit does not always reside in a motor-car, and that a good conscience is better than all Rockefeller's dollars; we preach the evangel of quiet and peace in substitution for a whirling round of distracting and exhausting pleasures. Rightly and truly. We must not then be as the Philistines. On this new journey the Schoolmaster must take the first step. He must show that contentment can abide with a competence, that a well-stored mind is a lasting treasure. Like the Athenian, he must cherish a love of culture that has no taint of effeminacy, and a love of the beautiful based on frugality. He must be moderate in his pleasures; his wife must not be an expensive luxury who gives her days to golf and scandal, and her nights to bridge. For as in the days of Job, wisdom still cannot be gotten for gold, nor shall silver be weighed for the price thereof. Milton was paid £10 for "Paradise Lost"—a small reward, making all the necessary allowances. Bach profited nothing, financially speaking, from many of his finest compositions. We expound to our ~~pupils~~ the weighty oracles of the Classics,

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that a simple life is the greatest wealth,¹ that far beyond aught else is a life of peaceful contemplation. Like the parson in Chaucer, we must teach but first practise it ourselves.

For unto us should have been revealed the great open secret of the universe, the truth so often hidden from the great ones of the earth, revealed to the humble-wise and prudent, that to be is better than to have, the sacrifice of self better than the trampling down of others, that such self-abnegation conquers in the race both first and last. Recognition may not come to us, nor gratitude. Boys are thoughtless creatures who take so much for granted, official superiors are not always fully appreciative. But that we have spent ourselves and been spent; have given our best freely and for nothing; have lavished our all on some institution dear to us, and have rejoiced to do so, finding it brick, perchance, and leaving it marble; that we have toiled strenuously and incessantly, and have been misunderstood or even vilified for our pains; that we have given our souls for our pupils; that after all our labours we are still unprofitable servants—these are the untold riches which we all may win.

¹ "Divitiæ grandes homines sunt vivere parce."

"Sed mage pacata posse omnia mente tueri."

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Yet I agree with everything in the Salaries Propaganda, except the reasoning. The advocatus diaboli has finished pleading. Can any argument justify the grim reality that the average salary of an Assistant Master is £168 per annum? A thousand times no! The workman is worthy of his hire, whether he labours with sinew or with intellect. His salary should suffice to enable him to live in reasonable comfort and in simple dignity, to marry, to educate as well as he has been educated as many children as it shall please Heaven to give him; to secure his wife from the daily martyrdoms of household drudgery, to ensure him periodical holidays which will not merely be absences from School, to permit him to continue the study of literature and the arts and sciences, to exorcise for good the spectre of an old age in the workhouse. It is right and proper that the Schoolmaster should consider his time his School's, that he should never limit his service to the hours of School attendance, but conversely it is madness to expect generous devotion and loyal service from the driven slaves of sweated labour. It is an offence that cries to Heaven that men who physically, intellectually, morally, and professionally are fitted above almost every

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other class to carry on the race should be doomed by the inadequacy of their stipends to a threefold vow of poverty, celibacy, and obedience, or at best to a long-deferred and probably childless marriage. That futile person, the Eugenist, should long ago have initiated a crusade for the better payment of the Schoolmaster. As it is, we have the ghastly fact that the birth-rate in Schoolmasters' households is probably lower than that in the households of any other profession.

If it be true, as we have asserted, that in education everything depends upon the teacher, if a good teacher is a very expensive product, and if therefore an adequate supply of teachers who are not mumblers of formulas, nor mechanical instructors, but men with a vivid perception of the things which they teach—and a keen interest in man and the world is the greatest need of the present day—the case for a revision of men's ideas as to what constitutes proper remuneration for a teacher becomes unanswerable. If all machines require adequate power and occasional lubrication, a School too—though we have pointed out that it is not to machinery that we must look for the aptest parallel to a teacher—will run all the more smoothly if there is plenty.

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of petrol in the petrol tanks, and plenty of lubricator in the crank case.

It has been necessary to suggest that there are two sides to this as to other questions. But my sympathies are wholly on the side of the angels. The spectacle of a Master hugging the vision of an Eldorado in the intervals between visits to an empty cupboard is a painful one to any man of feeling. Our profession is less and less considered by the prudent parent when he is planning the future of his sons. The Schoolmaster is sweated in order that the "working man" may have cheap schools, which he does not want, or at any rate does not appreciate,¹ or that the business man may save on his boys what he spends on motors, or on golf, or his wife's dresses. The attempt to secure better salaries for the Schoolmaster—and if the Assistant Master with £160 per annum is one of the shabby genteel, the Headmaster with £300 per annum is also a splendid pauper—may be justified on all grounds. I only hope that the Schoolmaster in venturing into the stormy

¹ Little as a Headmaster favours the Departmental thirst for statistics, I should be interested to know how many "Free-Placers" leave school within two years of their entry, how many within three, what small remnant is left after four years, and what infinitesimal proportion stay longer.

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world of politics and municipal intrigue may not soil himself too deeply, and that to gain a higher wage he may not be constrained to imitate one whose hand

“Like the base Indian threw a pearl away
Richer than all his tribe.”

CHAPTER VII

THE CLASSICS

At length we have reached the central things, the *arcana* of our profession at last reveal themselves. If a study of the teacher, an appraisal of his merits, a recital of his sufferings, and a denunciation of his masters are necessary to the treatment of our theme, surely the object of the teacher's labours, that to which his hand is subdued, must form the climax of our meditations. Given the teacher, what shall he teach?

The writer was not brought up in the "grand old fortifying curriculum" of the Classics—perhaps as he views its effect upon some of its blasé products he should be grateful. He passed not from Classics to the more modern subjects, but by some strange destiny inverted the process. After dallying as a schoolboy with Mathematics, the Sciences, and Modern Languages, he found suddenly that he was in danger of starving on this thin diet, discovered in an instant secret affinities that

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had doubtless long existed, renounced his allegiance to the Moderns, enlisted in the ranks of the Ancients, and contrived by grievous labour, despite the handicap of years, to get level with most of his rivals in the race of learning. If he loves the Classics with a surpassing love, he has at least tried all things and, he hopes, is holding fast to the good.

Though this is an age of fetishes, our fetishes are not the fetishes of the eighteenth or the early nineteenth century. The Classics must now be defended against every assailant who questions their efficacy. We have still an Established Church; we have no Established Curriculum. We need not shed too many tears. Establishments too often lead straight to formalism and lukewarmness. The divine spontaneity and fervour with which the once new doctrine was disseminated is dispersed amongst a thousand devotees, and its intensity is weakened. The spark of inspiration, crushed by the mass of torpid votaries, fails to kindle them. So too with us the joyous enthusiasm of the Renaissance, that happy age in which the student might almost daily behold new planets swim into his ken, passed away in time, and Classicism became, instead of a new religion, merely a convention.

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The gentleman of the eighteenth century believed in Latin Grammar, imparted as a rule by the aid of violent floggings, as fervently and as unquestioningly as he believed in the Protestant Succession. But Latin Grammar and Protestantism are both now out of fashion, and the old eulogies of the literature of Greece and Rome are heard less often, or are delivered in less dogmatic or even in apologetic strains. We are inveigled, not driven into the Classical parlour; we are told, to overcome our reluctance, that Euripides was a kind of Bernard Shaw, and Æschylus an Athenian Browning, and such-like absurdities.

But we still must ask, What is the basis of our instruction? Words, not things. It was Rousseau who first thus criticised Literature as being merely the study of words, not things; and it was Disraeli who gave the criticism a still wider currency. And yet the visionary whose resounding phrases shook all Europe and produced the mightiest of all revolutions, and the modern Macchiavelli with his mordant phrase and Asiatic rhetoric, knew as well as most men the potency of words for good as well as evil. Despised and rejected as the poet and

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philosopher may be, they have their full revenge.

" With wonderful deathless ditties
We build up the world's great cities,
And out of a fabulous story
We fashion an empire's glory.
One man with a dream at pleasure
Shall go forth and conquer a crown,
And three with a new song's measure
Can trample a kingdom down.

A breath of our inspiration
Is the life of each generation,
A wondrous thing of our dreaming
Unearthly, impossible seeming,
The soldier, the king, and the peasant
Are working together in one,
Till our dream shall become their present
And their work in the world be done.

They had no vision amazing
Of the goodly house they were raising,
They had no divine foreshowing
Of the land to which they are going.
But on one man's soul it hath broken,
A light that doth not depart,
And his look, or a word he hath spoken,
Wrought flame in another man's heart."

It is through words that we gain an entrance within the mind of man; by them we plumb the depths of personality, and divine dimly the soul's emotions, joys and sorrows, hopes

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and fears. But now at least in war's mid-fury, when the halcyon days of the peace, that reigned a year ago seem a dim fancy or an impossible ideal, when all Europe is resounding with the tramping of armed men, when honour, country, and plighted faith are magic runes whose potency can move millions to entire self-sacrifice for an abstraction, a "strap of paper," who will dare to exalt the material above the spiritual, to value words less than maxim guns and howitzers, to deny their awful beauty, their thronging associations, and their overwhelming force?

So, too, with Music. Music can reach the inner sanctuary of the mind direct; it falls upon us finely divided like flakes of snow. In one short strain a master can show us all the kingdoms of the world and the glory thereof. Yet "Alexander's Feast," the astounding tour de force of a consummate virtuoso, proves that words can have the resonance of the King of Instruments. Even in celebrating the power of Music glorious John throws down his gage in a tremendous challenge and demonstrates triumphantly words' supremacy. O mighty mistress Rhetoric, dressing noble thoughts in noble vesture of pomp and magnificence, endowed with the boundless might of an Eastern

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monarch, making into princes and great ones of the earth whatever thou decreest !

If, then, we ally ourselves with the Humanists rather than with the Realists, Humanism inevitably leads us back to the Greeks and Romans. No scholar will rail at other branches of learning which do not claim his allegiance ; the educated man will, to the extent of his ability, range through all. But we needs must seek the highest, and the great authors of Greece and Rome are literature's noblest patterns, its most glorious achievement. French, with its subtle nuances, is the ideal language of the diplomat. There is much charm in what Mr. Leathes calls "graceful manœuvring" with its idioms ; the French spirit has found imperishable expression in both verse and prose. But the Frenchman is the child of the Roman—he is proud of the filiation—and we find everywhere in his literature footprints that impel us to retrace our steps. So, too, with Spanish and Italian. German, that harsh and uncouth tongue, has the great names of Goethe and Schiller to recommend it ; but it is an inferior substitute for the grandeur of Latin and the divine grace of Greek. And the ancient languages have the incomparable advantage of methods, of

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teaching which are the fruit of the experience of centuries, of a drill and discipline which every Classical master has picked up in his boyhood, a great help to effective teaching. French and German are modern rivals for which methods of teaching are only now being evolved, and their study is marred by a subtly pervading or even a crudely expressed utilitarianism. It is of course possible to study French and German in a liberal manner, to steep oneself in their Classics, to inhale deep breaths of their spirit. But boys and masters are nearly always thinking of use, and to make French and German instruments of the loftiest culture it will be first necessary to evolve a new race of Modern Language Teachers. So far they have but rarely risen to their great argument, and sound and advanced as their instruction may be, they teach for the most part in a narrow, even in a shopman's, spirit. The dialogue with the waiter, the parley with the railway guard, the arrival of a consignment of silks or cognac, such are the matters which absorb attention, and perhaps the greatest blessing that a strong Classical side can confer upon a School is that it ennobles and liberalises in some measure the conception of instruction in every subject of the Curriculum. Take care

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of the Classics, and the Moderns will take care of themselves, is a maxim which has much truth in it at the present day.

Man and the external world are the two things in the universe, according to man's audacious or even profane classification, and to him the greater of these is man. His triumphs in the spiritual world are as great as his victories in the material world, and Cadmus must be enthroned beside Prometheus. As for the future, despite the wizardries of Science's magicians and the marvellous new toys that Science bestows upon us in such profusion every decade, the world will never become one huge garage. Mankind is man's proper study—man is the first subject in our Curriculum, man and his history. History, requiring as it does a colossal memory, a mastery of a vast mass of particulars, the seeing eye of the imagination, the mature judgment of the statesman, is the greatest and most difficult of all subjects. But it is History in its largest sense, the history not only of a man's deeds but also of his thoughts as expressed in poetry, philosophy, art, and language. And the life of the ancients is the most instructive of all studies, because in its unfeudal character it is most like our present civilisation; and yet

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most unlike it in the absence of the methanical and all that that implies. The history of the human race without the history of Greece and Rome is a book with its most important chapters unwritten, and a man who is completely ignorant of the history of the ancients might have some difficulty in proving that he was an educated man.

It has been the glory of the greatest English Schools that they have realised the priceless value of Classical Literature, and that the succession of great and enthusiastic masters and of diligent and well-instructed pupils has rarely failed in England.¹ Many an unknown Arnold or mute, inglorious Kennedy has laboured successfully to inspire those committed to his charge with that same love which animated himself. The discipline was long, the formal drill elaborate, but it produced a race of scholars. There were brave men before Agamemnon, and even in the dark ages of English education there were many without doubt who would deserve a tomb in our Valhalla. Coleridge has told us of one :

“At school [Christ’s Hospital] I enjoyed the inestimable advantage of a very sensible, though

¹ I of course admit that these pupils are not the majority.

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at the same time, a very severe master, the Reverend James Bowyer. He early moulded my taste to the preference of Demosthenes to Cicero, of Homer and Theocritus to Virgil, and again of Virgil to Ovid. He habituated me to compare Lucretius (in such extracts as I then read), Terence, and above all the chaster poems of Catullus, not only with the Roman poets of the so-called silver and brazen ages, but with even those of the Augustan era, and on grounds of plain sense and universal logic to see and assert the superiority of the former in the truth and nativeness both of their thoughts and diction. At the same time that we were studying the Greek tragic poets, he made us read Shakespeare and Milton as lessons; and they were the lessons, too, which required most time and trouble to bring up, so as to escape his censure.¹ I learned from him that poetry, even that of the loftiest and, seemingly, that of the wildest odes, had a logic of its own, as severe as that of science; and more difficult—because more subtle, more complex and dependent on more and more fugitive causes. In the truly great poets, he would say, there is a reason assignable, not only for every word, but for the position of every word, and I well remember, that availing himself of the 'synonymes to the Homer of Didymus, he made us attempt to show with regard to each, why it would not have answered the same

¹ We are sometimes told that English has never been taught well in English schools. Here is one example to the contrary.

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purpose ; and wherein consisted the peculiar fitness of the word in the original text.

" In our own English compositions (at least for the last three years of our school education) he showed no mercy to phrase, metaphor, or image, unsupported by a sound sense, or where the same sense might have been conveyed with equal force and dignity in plainer words. *Lute, harp and lyre, Muse, Muses and inspirations, Pegasus, Parnassus and Hippocrene* were all an abomination to him. In fancy I can almost hear him now exclaiming, ' Harp ? Harp ? Lyre ? Pen and ink, boy, you mean. Muse, boy, Muse ? Your nurse's daughter, you mean. Pierian spring ? Oh aye ! the cloister pump, I suppose. . . .

" [His severities] neither lessen nor dim the deep sense of my moral and intellectual obligations. He sent us to the University excellent Latin and Greek scholars and tolerable Hebraists. Yet our classical knowledge was the least of the good gifts which we derived from his zealous and conscientious tutorage. He is now gone to his final reward, full of years and full of honours, even of those honours which were dearest to his heart as gratefully bestowed by that school, and still binding him to the interests of that school in which he had been himself educated, and to which during his whole life he was a dedicated thing." ¹

We will quote another example of old-new methods from Coleridge :

¹ " Biographia Litteraria."

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"Other modes of teaching, modes by which children are to be metamorphosed into prodigies, and prodigies with a vengeance have I known thus produced—prodigies of self-conceit, shallowness, arrogance and infidelity! Instead of storing the memory during the period when the memory is the predominant faculty, with facts for the after exercise of the judgment, and instead of awakening by the noblest models the fond and unmixed love and admiration which is the natural and graceful temper of early youth; these nurslings of improved pedagogy are taught to dispute and decide, to suspect all but their own and their lecturer's wisdom, and to hold nothing sacred from their contempt, but their own contemptible arrogance." ¹

Like all other things, methods of teaching have their day and cease to be. Though the old methods taught thoroughness and attention to detail, there were some who could never see the wood for the trees. The pupil journeyed on, day by day, plunging more deeply into a pitiless jungle—to him without a clue—a labyrinth from which too many a victim never gained release. To some the "grand old curriculum" has seemed a prison-house from which the captives must be released at all costs. This opinion has been expressed fully

¹ "Biographia Litteraria."

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and repeatedly by Mr. A. C. Benson, whose own experience may have led him to take a very depressing view of the situation. But is there any recipe for earnestness in high places? The illustrious youth whose gold spoon has been an ever-present possession, into whose lap Fortune has cast all her treasures with both hands, who knows no desire which he cannot gratify, who finds scarcely a single luxury beyond his reach, will he ever consent to scorn delights and live laborious days? The enthusiasm of the dilettante, the zeal of the dabbler may be found in his habitations, but not that rigorous discipline and profound concentration which only the "res angusta domi" can give. The aristocracy of England has admired learning—from the outside—and cherished culture—on the surface; but it has always preferred that other people should do its study for it, and nurtures a secret contempt for scholars, philosophers, poets, artist-fellows, and all the rest of the canaille. The established Religion and the established system of education were maintained by it, because all changes are dangerous and the mob might uprise suddenly, but it has disdained both the intenseness of the devotee and the laboriousness of the scholar. The general atmosphere

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of a great Public School is necessarily un-intellectual, and the substitution of Huxley for Homer, or of Roscoe for Virgil, or of carpentry for Latin Verse will not lead to the accomplishment of that most necessary of all ends, the intellectualisation of the great Public Schools.

But in those Schools which are not cramped by traditions and the lore of ages, the teaching of Classics has in recent years been vitalised. Men have recognised that with the necessary qualifications the ancients were men of like passions with ourselves, and not masterly expositors of rules of syntax or of grammatical usage. It has been found that as much could be accomplished in a shorter time, and by pupils who start at a later age and travel, therefore, at a greater speed, as by those who almost from their earliest infancy have quaffed from the Pierian fount, and that the opportunities thus gained of securing a wider range of interests and a closer contact with modern life are producing a type of scholar who with his vast range of culture has a broader outlook than that man of extraordinary yet narrow accomplishments, the classical scholar of the old school. Such scholars have been nurtured, and are being

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nurtured, under the influence of such consummate masters both of Classicism and the broadest culture, as Jebb, Butcher, and Gilbert Murray. They have shown, and will continue to show, that there is simply no comparison between the classical scholar of the new type and the products of any other kind of culture, and that even from the point of view of use the "Greats" type of man makes the best Administrator, Advocate, or Schoolmaster.

Our aim in learning Latin and Greek is primarily to gain an introduction to life in all its richness and all its complexity through reading the ancient authors. We cannot (alas!) converse with Cicero or chat with Sophocles, and we have not, fortunately, to jabber with Greek slaves or haggle with Roman charioteers or litter-bearers, and therefore the need of Greek or Roman conversation is small. No doubt the power of expressing one's thoughts fluently on the spur of the moment in another language is a valuable gift. However, in the present day most schoolboys acquire to some extent the power of speaking in French, and it is questionable whether the power derived from this accomplishment is much enhanced in value if one speaks two languages rather than one. There

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is a tendency to exaggerate the potency of the spoken over that of the written word. At the same time it must always be remembered that the ancients read their literature aloud, and that the full effect of a fine passage is not obtained until the passage has been read aloud, pronounced as nearly as possible as the ancients would have pronounced it.

Let us admit, then—and we owe a debt to the votaries of conversational Classics for reminding us—that Latin and Greek are both languages in which the potency of the spoken word can scarcely be exaggerated, that Latin is pre-eminently the language of the rhetorician, the master of sounds and rhythms as well as of phrases, that Virgil unrecited and Cicero—or Tacitus in his grand moments—undeclamed are indeed dead, but that when read with proper emphasis and fitting modulations we discover a new world rich in the subtlest suggestion, pregnant with the profoundest meaning. But the attempt to make a child of twelve scale the heights of Parnassus without guide or rope, or thread his way through the devious paths of Latin prose unaided by any reference to his mother tongue in his painful struggles to understand a language so different, must in the generality of

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cases lead to failure. As Bagehot says in his Essay on Béranger, "Literature enables nations to understand one another. Oral intercourse hardly does this. In English a distinguished foreigner says not what he thinks, but what he can." And our efforts even if they were successful would be largely misdirected. As Mr. Warde-Fowler observes,¹ the difficulty is that after a couple of years of the Direct Method the boy "does not feel himself at all at home when he is introduced to real literature, but rather finds himself in an atmosphere where he cannot breathe quite freely or naturally. And yet the goal is . . . not to talk Latin, but to read the great literature of a language which, if I am not mistaken, has in all its forms been an even nobler medium of written than of spoken thought." We learn Latin not to chatter glib nothings or to read concocted accounts of visits to the seaside, but to come into contact with the minds of the great ones of the past; and I prefer a Cæsar to a Sonnenschein, a Virgil to a Rouse.

The coryphæus of all Classical linguists is Dr. Rouse of Cambridge. He is passionately convinced that there is only one

¹ "Quo Vaditis?"—"Latin Teaching," July 1914.

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way of teaching the Classics, and many a letter to the papers is an evidence of his zeal. He is surrounded by a band of devoted worshippers, who are adepts at the art of the rolling log, and can indulge in the pastime all the more freely as they have contrived to capture the leading Classical organ. King Charles's head has a terrible habit of appearing in every composition that the Doctor puts his hand to, and his zeal for his doctrines knows no measure. He is the exact antithesis of the normal Headmaster of a Public School, with his careful attention to convention, his suspicion of novelty, and sometimes his lack of keenness as to anything. In spite of his undoubted ability and remarkable energy, there is not infrequently a soupçon of the ludicrous about his propaganda. What opponent would not be disarmed by such transparent guilelessness, who must not smile at this earnestness and simplicity which no gleam of humour ever relieves, who cannot admire the enthusiasm with which he flings himself into every matter which claims his interest, from the cause of all causes to Handwork or the Scouting Movement? Some years ago the Governors of the Perse School—whose idiosyncrasies are worthy of their de-

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voted Head—advertised for a new Principal. It was only the Perse way of demonstrating that the Doctor was a selected candidate for the High-Mastership of St. Paul's, and when St. Paul's with bad taste chose another as its ruler Cambridge breathed again. But the years are passing, "eheu fugaces," and there is no prospect that any of the more famous Schools will lisp in Latin or in Greek yet awhile.

Should conversational methods be proscribed? Certainly not. If a man believes in methods, even though he deceive himself, he will probably be more successful with these methods than with others. It is perfectly true that boys have started Greek too early, and have spent too much time upon it, and have been beaten by boys who have started later and had a better all-round education. But this discovery has not been made by Dr. Rouse alone.¹ The dangers of the Oral Method are obvious. The pupil deceives his master, who thinks that he knows more Classics than he does, perhaps deceives himself. His master dare not subject him to a grammatical test, and

¹ For example, Mr. Went at Leicester, by improved methods, has produced a Craven Scholar, a Chancellor's Medallist, and a Fellow of King's, besides other excellent Scholars.

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must needs, therefore, denounce all examinations. The Scots, who are a canny race, put this question first to Dr. Rouse when he essayed a propaganda north of the Tweed, and even he admitted that boys trained on such a method could not undergo such an ordeal. Nor does the method, which should lead to extraordinarily good results in composition, seem to have this effect beyond all other methods. Whenever a Perse boy gets a first in Classics there is a great flourish of trumpets, but the performance is not strikingly frequent. The method has been adopted, but generally by unskilled teachers, who have no ideas of their own and must perforce accept others'. The consequences have been disastrous, as Inspectors will tell you in private, and the Direct Method in untrained hands is undoubtedly the worst of all methods. Happily the mistake is soon realised and, according to publishers, many schools which plunged into the Direct Method have after a brief experience abandoned it.

There is delight in praising, though the praiser sit alone. On whatever lines we teach it, what a delightful subject Classics is to teach, whether it be Cicero, Plato, or Euripides, to the Sixth Form boy, a product of the twen-

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tieth century, or declensions and conjugations to the small boy, who has not lost yet his overwhelming thirst for knowledge and his delightful unconsciousness. He must be an unhappily constituted man, me iudice, whose anger does not melt, whose enthusiasm does not kindle, as he expounds even a chapter of Cæsar, or reveals the mysteries of a Final Clause. As for the higher walks of Classics, to teach here should not be work, it is a recreation ; and happy we who are so rarely fortunate as to be able to reason with interested hearers on " Providence, Foreknowledge, Will and Fate," and to feel that while we are enjoying ourselves, we are also doing useful work. By some happy dispensation the two authors that our pupils first come into contact with are Cæsar and Virgil. The more the writer teaches Cæsar the more he is lost in admiration of both the style and the man, the greatest man of the greatest nation of antiquity, describing his actions in language at once nervous and simple, terse and impressive, never condescending once to those arts of rhetoric which form so glorious a robe to the Latin language, narrating with the eloquence of simple facts and plain recital one of the most brilliant achievements in Rome's long career

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of conquest.¹ Nothing goes down with boys less than "bunkum," and there is no "bunkum" in Cæsar's Commentaries. Without elaboration, without tinsel and without glitter, Cæsar sets forth the tale of his achievements; and attains the highest pitch of art, the concealment or even the avoidance of all art. But though there is no striving after effect, the effects are there, and the story of the invasion of Britain, the adventures of the beleaguered Cicero, the description of the siege of Alesia, and of the customs of the Gauls and Romans, incline us to the belief that there are few peaks of Literature which Cæsar could not have scaled. In an age of exuberant advertisement and pinchbeck celebrities, it is well that a boy at the threshold of his life should meet with and dimly appreciate the majestic simplicity, the unstudied greatness of Cæsar.

Of Virgil the magician, who could speak adequately? "Non mihi si centum linguæ sint oraque centum, ferrea vox." I have read and re-read him with ever intenser delight, until I could never write two pages on any

¹ I am, of course, aware of Mommsen's view that "the Commentaries" are a party pamphlet in disguise. Even if this be so, it would not modify my conclusions.

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subject without desiring to quote him. The more we read him, the more we find in him. He grows not on us, but into us. The boy, a novice in life's battle, unhampered by a throng of memories, burden and delight at once, translates Virgil with an unrelenting speed and ease which wins him his master's envy. No other poet is so rich with time's spoils, none has so rich a content. If there be an ultimate distinction between Classic and Romantic, between the master of consummate power who has won through the time of storm and stress, and has at last achieved the perfect marriage of form and matter, and the writer who is mastered by his fleeting inspirations and pours forth in disordered profusion his imperious longings, his passionate regrets and thrilling fancies, then Virgil is assuredly the exemplar of the poet's artifice, that craftsmanship so rich, so copious, so elaborate. And yet no poet is so full of haunting thoughts and phrases, that open to us dim vistas of personality; no poet exercises so rare a magic over words, exalting them, as one has said, beyond their usual force, lifting them to their *æth* power. With his *pietas*, his pity, no poet is in closer touch with modern feeling. Is not all the *Æneid*

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but an expansion of "sunt lacrimæ rerum," with its groping feeling for human woes and misfortunes, its amateurish battle-pieces and perfunctory butcheries, in which the poet is thinking rather of sons cast on the pyre before their parents' eyes than of the glory of the slayer, with its sympathetic yearning to share the woes of those whom some dark destiny has sorely tried, with its pictures of woman deserted by her lover, or of a father cherishing his innocent babe, with its "majestic sadness for the doom of human kind"? The age of Virgil was an age of civic convulsion, massacre, and ruthless cruelty, an age in which the fable of the dragon's teeth seemed to be re-enacted. May we not then regard as a pioneer of morality the poet who makes a character declare¹ that experience of misfortune has taught her kindness to the unhappy?

There are weaknesses in the *Æneid*—the poem was unrevised, and the poet would have consigned it to the flames. But these blemishes scarcely influence our judgment on the poem as a whole, and it is difficult to agree with those who somewhat absurdly regard the *Georgics* as Virgil's masterpiece.

¹ "Haud ignara mali, miseris succurrere disco."—DIDO.

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The Æneid is a chryselephantine statue to Rome's greatness, and it will endure as long as or longer than the memory of Rome's power endures.

“Now thy Forum roars no longer,
 fallen every purple Cæsar's dome—
Tho' thine ocean-roll of rhythm
 sound for ever of Imperial Rome,

Now the Rome of slaves hath perish'd
 and the Rome of freemen holds her place,
I, from out the Northern Island,
 sunder'd once from all the human race,

I salute thee, Mantovano,
 I that loved thee since my day began,
Wielder of the stateliest measure
 ever moulded by the lips of man.”

How many a haunting line has embedded itself in the memory, a line perchance learnt carelessly and easily, perpetually recurring in later years, seeming to have some strange significance! Such was the “heu, fuge crudeles terras et litus avarum” that rang in Augustine's ears, such is the line which the unhappy Charles chanced upon in the Bodleian, “sed cadat ante diem, mediaque inhumatus arena,” such are the overpoweringly beautiful lines

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describing with such passionate pathos the early death of Marcellus:

"manibus date lilia plenis
purpureos spargam flores, animamque nepotis
his saltem adcumulem donis et fungar inani
munere."¹

Lines which may fitly also represent the inadequacy of all tributes to the greatest of all masters.

There is romance enough in Virgil too, if one will look for it. As we read of the approach of early dawn, the fading of the stars, the sudden glimpse of hills afar, and ITALY low on the horizon, we perceive with a sudden thrill "the light which never was on land or sea" shining with unmistakable radiance upon the land so long promised to the storm-tost mariners and so long deferred.²

¹ Translation of these lines:

"Ah, flee the ruthless land and the shore of greed."

"But let him fall—ere day—unburied—on mid-shore."

"Bring me lilies with full hands, let me strew bright flowers and heap these gifts at least upon the spirit of my descendant, an empty boon."

² The exquisite music of this passage, with its repetition of "Italiam," demands notice. It reminds one of the musical device of canonical imitation:

"Procul obscuros colles, humilemque videmus
Italiam. Italiam primus conclamat Achates,
Italiam læto socii clamore salutant."

The art is perfect.

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I have learnt to love Virgil by teaching him to successive years of schoolboys. The delight of reading Virgil once is great, that of reading him twice is greater, that of reading him for the tenth time is infinitely greater. Emerson once said, very absurdly, that Plato was the same to us at twenty as at sixty. At twenty, to use a musical metaphor, we know only our notes, the interpretation is beyond us, though I grant that we *think* that we have penetrated to his essence; but a life passed like Dr. Henry's in the pursuit of everything connected with Virgil would not be ill spent. If a Classical student acquired only such a familiarity with Virgil, and perhaps Horace, that he could quote them as freely as he should be able to quote his Bible, I should consider his course of study amply justified. "Homère a fait Virgile, dit-on; si cela est, c'est sans doute son plus bel ouvrage."¹

Our ancestors in their greater wisdom made their pupils learn large quantities of Virgil and also of Horace, and we may agree with Arnold that it is difficult to exaggerate the share "the turning over and over in their mind, and masticating, so to speak, in early

¹ Voltaire, Appendix to the "Henriade."

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life, as models of their Latin verse, such things as Vergil's

'Disce, puer, virtutem ex me, verumque laborem,'

or Horace's

'Fortuna sævo læta negotio'

has had in forming the high spirit of the upper class in France and England, the two countries where Latin verse has most ruled the schools, and the two countries which most have had, or have, a high upper class and a high upper class spirit. Character is capable of being taught, learnt, and assimilated ; beauty hardly ; and it is for enabling us to learn and catch some power of antiquity, that Greek or Latin composition is most to be valued." Poetry is not necessarily didactic, but great poetry has often been so, and it is well that our youth should absorb the quintessence of human wisdom distilled as it is into the works of Virgil and his dear friend Horace.

The personality of Horace is the most charming and individual imaginable. He was, if one must give way to the bad habit of discovering modern analogues, a Roman Thackeray penetrated with a sense of the oddity of things, one who dearly loved to pull the leg, and who had

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watched with a playful malice the *comédie humaine*, the progress and tribulations of the bore, the virago, and the vulgarian, yet a poet with a heart, with a genius for friendship, with a love of country which flame out with rare grandeur in those mighty odes, which in their massive structure and clear outlines may worthily be compared with those pyramids that he so confidently boasted he would out-live. But he was uncomfortable in his singing robes; he preferred a lounging *deshabille* in slippers, and the trait can be recognised even in the Odes. If other poets are the poets of the climax, it was Horace's delight to be the poet of the anti-climax. "Equanimity," as Bagehot has said, "has its place in literature; the poetry of *equipoise* is possible," and Horace prefers to end on a piano rather than on a screaming fortissimo. Like the poet who, after an impassioned outburst against blind guides and false prophets, in calmer mood bethinks himself of to-morrow with its fresh woods and pastures new, he knows the secret of economy, and will tell us with studied simplicity of Regulus' departure to the cruelest of deaths, as he passed through the impeding throng as though after a tiring day in the courts he sought a respite from the tediousness of busi-

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ness in the rural scenes of Samnite Venafrum or Spartan Tarentum.¹ How might a man pray that if ever time of crisis came and some momentous decision must be made, he might in the spirit of Regulus calmly and with no false heroics meet the issue !

"This is the happy Warrior, this is He
That every Man in arms should wish to be."

"Return, Alpheus, the dread voice is past."
It is almost Horace's greatest characteristic.

Youth with its terrific earnestness often rails at Horace for his flippancy, his shallowness, and I confess in sackcloth and in ashes that as I read the indictment, the errors of my youth recur to me. But it takes all kinds of poets to make a literature ; it is part of Horace's charm that he is not always au

¹ "Noble indeed, for though he knew
What tortures that barbarian crew
Had ripe for him, he waved aside
The kin that did his purpose chide,
The thronging crowds that strove to stay
His passage, with an air as gay
As though at close of some decree
Upon a client's lawsuit, he
Its dreary coil were leaving there
To green Venafrum to repair,
Or to Tarentum's breezy shore,
Where Spartans built their town of yore."

MARTIN'S *Translation*.

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grand sérieux. Life is real, life is earnest. Yes! but as our poet tells us also, "dulce est desipere in loco." Life is not all like a Prelude of Rachmaninoff; it has its occasional Scherzos and Humoreskes. And as one grows older one finds in his Satires, and above all in his Epistles, a mellowed wisdom, an ardent, real love of golden moderation expressed in terms of sweetest reasonableness that to many have been more helpful than a sterner, harder gospel. Horace is not only the lyrist in his glittering trappings as he so often poses, he is the genial man of the world, who has lost all his illusions, but is still unsoured, whom life has treated fairly gently, and who is grateful to it for its precepts; who has learnt not that it is wicked to be base, but that it is stupid to be a fool; who has discovered that it is a waste of energy to cherish vaulting ambitions, or unbounded desires; who cannot be perfervid if he tries, but is not a heartless, self-centred egoist; who enjoys, even if somewhat lazily, the panorama of life as it unrolls itself before him, and gently mocks at the parvenu and the upstart who have fretted and fumed so much to gain so little, power and riches, and the ridicule of their neighbours. He does not attempt

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to lash the foolish and the base into virtue like Juvenal; he scarcely even attempts to laugh them into common sense. He leaves it to time and to Nature, who will see to it that the runagates continue in scarceness. He does not hate men or very much despise them, but he is conscious that he knows a better way. It is not a very lofty creed, but in his clear vision of things, his sense of proportion, his appreciation of values, his disregard of the trifling and ephemeral, however brilliantly tricked out, Horace rises to real greatness; and indeed this kindly lack of idealism, which we cannot call cynicism, has seemed to some a working hypothesis of existence and its problems, which has saved them from frenzied beating of their head against the adamantine walls of Fate, from the resolve to curse God and die. He is the privileged friend of the mighty, "his tone is that of prime ministers"; he was the ornament if not the idol of a select circle, fastidious in its tastes. Yet none has expressed more nobly and with more force the pride of the man who has made his own career. I do not envy the man who can read without a thrill the story of the little Venusian boy, whose father, a debt-collector,

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or even a fish-dealer as rumour has it, determined to give his son the best of instruction regardless of all expense. Few lines in ancient Literature have a more personal touch than those in which Horace describes in tender retrospect that devotion lavished so ungrudgingly which beyond all else had made him what he was.

Style is not, as some one has said, the antiseptic that saves from corruption what would otherwise perish. It is far more than that. It is the vital principle which pervades the whole organism and alone delivers it from dissolution. A critic of great discernment has said that manner is fine matter, that in some poets even, the sound is the sense. Horace beyond all others perhaps exemplifies this inspired dictum. Other men have told us of the virtues of tenacity, of the strength of a good conscience resisting the whole world, but none has produced the grandeur of the "*iustum et tenacem propositi virum*," rising up massive in its rock-line intent like one of the great works of Nature, a Beachy Head or a Land's End, from the waves that vainly beat upon it. An Alcaic Ode of Horace is one of the grandest things in literature; it is like some strong, stirring theme of John

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Sebastian's proclaimed upon the King of Instruments, tyrannous in its force, triumphant in its resonance, shaking the pillars and vaulting arches with its pomp and majesty, waking tumultuous echoes in aisle and transept, yet hiding rich complexities beneath bold outlines. And the same master-hand has worked at many a slighter ode in which the idle minstrel of a trifling hour—tenuis, 'as he loved to call himself—takes some slender theme, some tender frailest flower blooming on slopes of Helicon or near some rock-line temple of the Muses, and creates a perfection of grace and charm in-petto truly akin to the greatness in big things which he manifests elsewhere. If Classical poetry means impeccable perfection combined with unfailing inspiration, it can maintain its ground against all the assaults of the Romanticists.

So Roman poetry is rhetorical. There is no need to apologise. Some literatures and some writers can effect their purpose with such divine gentleness of touch that the transition from thought to thought's expression seems accomplished in an instant. It is thus with the greatest of the Greeks; it is thus in the realm of Music with Mozart. Yet if at times in Roman Literature we recognise that

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the virtuoso with his tours de force is not enthroned upon the loftiest seat, if we perceive the strain and effort—triumphantly successful, though they be—if we realise that the joyous spontaneity of the *iuventus mundi* was not to be for a nation late in the ages, slow in initiative yet an apt pupil, we win the highest satisfaction at the greatest moments of Roman poetry, and they are many; but we admit that in this genre poets of the second order are not second-rate but fifth-rate. We realise at once how needful is the artist's craft when we turn to Lucretius. A poet who drove his Pegasus very hard, he has passages of a grandeur unsurpassed; but his sublimities are oases in a Sahara of exploded physics and sterile dogmatism. In spite of Cicero's eulogy—*carmina multæ tamen artis*—he could not achieve the synthesis of science and emotion. His passion and his learning, locked in watertight compartments, cannot interpenetrate. It is a dreadful confession, but Lucretius can be a bore. Perhaps even Memmius first discovered this.

There is then in Latin only one step from the poet to the poetaster. Read Virgil, Horace, Lucretius, all of him if you can, Catullus, that most Ariel- and Puck-like of all

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Roman poets, or you have missed much world-literature. Ovid is a supremely able raconteur, who is sufficiently praised and condemned by the epithet "clever," Propertius and Tibullus are tastes which many individuals indulge, but the rest are highly efficient verse-machines, who have mistaken rhetoric for poetry. Roman Comedy, if it had come to an untimely end, would not have been a grievous loss, and we would readily barter it for Menander, some of the lost tragedies of Greece, or the lyric poets. One name alone we must except, that of Juvenal, the first and greatest of the satirists as we know them. Can a satirist be a poet? Perhaps not, but as we read this molten rhetoric, with its impassioned glow, as we listen to that avalanche of declamation, that fury of invective in which every line is a sword-thrust, every word a blow, we are overwhelmed by the onset and the frenzy of this gladiator of literature, and we are beset with such a storm of emotions that we are scarcely disposed to precise definitions of Juvenal's power. Juvenal tells us that it is difficult *not* to write a satire, but it is still more difficult to write a satire. Make the attempt, Reader, if you are incredulous. Finding the range is difficult; your Aunt Sallies

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move perversely just as your missiles reach them; your shrapnel whirrs and screams, but your foes keep well under cover. The adversary is elusive, the punch-ball floats out of reach just when the knock-out blow is on its way—one has to do with persons, not personalities, one must attack types yet not be vague. And yet the satire of a Juvenal or of our own master, Swift, *seems* the simplest thing in the world. Was Juvenal an ardent lover of virtue, who in an age of licence and outspokenness dealt with sins and sinners in the open way with Roman directness, or, as so often, was the prude concealed behind the mask of the preacher? Was it his manners or his morals that were faulty? It is a riddle ~~never~~ to be solved. In any case, should the trial scene in "The Frogs" ever be again enacted in the underworld, and should Roman verse-writers contend for the primacy, some of Juvenal's lines will weigh with the heaviest.

But Latin prose is as grand a thing as Latin poetry, and the Roman Empire was not a nobler monument of Rome's conquering spirit and organising power than was the Latin period. Rhetoric in verse sets many teeth on edge; but Rhetoric in prose is but

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a pardonable trimness of apparel, a laudable desire to please. As Newman says in a slightly different context, "The elocution of a great intellect is great. His language expresses not only his great thoughts but his great self. Certainly he might use fewer words than he uses, but he fertilises his simplest ideas and germinates with a multitude of details, and prolongs the march of his sentences, and sweeps round to the full diapason of his harmony as if *κῦδος γαίων*, rejoicing in his own vigour and richness of resource. I say a narrow critic will call it verbiage, when really it is a sort of fullness of heart parallel to that which makes the merry boy whistle as he walks, or the strong man, like the smith in the novel, flourish his club when there is no one to fight with." The "lactea ubertas," the milky richness of Cicero, especially the Cicero of the Cato Major and Lælius, of the essays on Old Age and Friendship, and of the works which deal with Oratory, is a perpetual delight. All Cicero's works are fascinating in their intimate revelations, for no man has so freely "given away" the secrets of his personality. Cicero as a politician may be contemptible, as a barrister unprepossessing, but as a man he achieved real greatness. Few people have

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dared to reveal their grotesque vanities and their odious pettinesses with such frankness as Cicero has done in his letters and speeches, and few of those who have cultivated a greater reticence would have stood a comparison with Cicero. If Virgil's chief virtue is his pietas, if Tacitus would claim before all others gravitas, Cicero, by universal consent, would bear away the two virtues of humanitas and urbanitas. What do we find in him? A noble enthusiasm for letters which completely conquered the severe practicality ingrained in every Roman—the sensitiveness of the artist, a generous nature free from all taint of cruelty in a cruel age, a burning patriotism, though associated too exclusively with one scheme of politics, a conscience, a gift which was in that as in many ages a barrier to political success, an overflowing kindness for all his friends and dependents, a courtesy which flourished in his power over words. Those who have read the essays on Old Age and Friendship—and every schoolboy should read them—know with what charming ease Cicero can express himself on subjects which have an interest for all, with what a light dignity, rising at times to lofty eloquence, he can deal with themes so simple yet so profound. As a statesman

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Cicero ended with a crashing fiasco, but Augustus was right when he told his little grandson that the opponent whom he had proscribed was a great and good man.

Livy, the facile narrator whose fluent pen achieved a history of Rome in one hundred and forty books, is too monotonously brilliant to some tastes, perfect as his style is, and stirring as are the stories which he tells. He is a historian without technique in the modern scientific sense, or philosophy; and yet, as he himself observed, the greatness of his theme, the portrayal of Rome and the virtues by which the tiny commonwealth of the seven hills rose to world-wide power, did not fail to inspire him with the true Roman spirit, and he rises insensibly to a lofty height as he records ~~the~~ the Titanic struggle between Hannibal and the Roman nation. But comparing him with Tacitus, one feels at times that he is merely a literary chef. Tacitus is the impersonation of the Roman noblesse—haughty in its contempt of all the outer world, jealous of its privileges, suspicious of its masters, haunted even yet by memories of former greatness. With all his limitations, Tacitus is supreme in his delineation of character, in his mastery of the more sombre hues of the palette, in his power

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of vivid and condensed description.' Great as are the Histories and the Annals, he rises to his most majestic eloquence in his biography of his father-in-law Agricola, and the conclusion of this *éloge* is the high-water mark even of Latin prose. Tacitus is not Cicero, but there was no need for him to dance to the Ciceronian measure. He is Tacitus, and that is sufficient eulogy. . . .

Had a boy read but one book of Cæsar and one book of Virgil, I should count the time which he had spent at Latin well justified. If his study can be prolonged so that he reads the immortal tale of Sinon and the grievous fall of Troy, as told in the second book of the *Æneid*, a fiery scroll of lamentation and of woe, the sorrows of Dido (Bk. IV) and the descent of Æneas to the underworld (Bk. VI), some Odes of Horace, the *De Senectute* and the *De Amicitia*, and the *Agricola*, he has the quintessence of Latin Literature, and I should feel that the seed had been well sown, and that even the cares of this world and the deceitfulness of riches would not altogether choke it.

I have spoken of Latin authors first, and indeed I find in no Greek authors the thrill of sympathy and affection which I find in Virgil

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and Horace. Perhaps the very greatness of the Greek masters, of Homer, Æschylus, Sophocles, Plato, and Thucydides, who tower above all mountain peaks of literature however high, and oft conceal their crests in clouds, gives them this aloofness. Were I to deny their supremacy I should be a madman. If I am wrong in my preferences, or rather unfortunate in my sympathies, it is a joy to know that time with its further education will set me right, and that I shall have the delight of discovering ever fresh reasons why I should both love and admire the great Greeks still more than I do now. Meanwhile, I content myself with denying that Latin is a second-rate and second-hand literature, by opposing to its critics the names of Virgil and Horace, Cicero and Tacitus.¹

But no master, whatever his private predilections, can contemplate without dismay a School in which Greek does not flourish. There has been much discussion as to "Classics and the average boy." The average boy even in the twentieth century will not always be a

¹ The reader must not for one moment imagine that my admiration for the Greeks is less than it should be. I am only concerned here to vindicate the essential greatness of Latin literature.

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mechanic, and should know as much of Greece and its history as is possible. The phrase "Classics and the average boy" is misleading. We are generally vague in our terminology when we discuss educational questions, and in this case we mean the average boy whose father has £5000 a year, and who stays at School generally till 18 or 19. The Schools that he frequents are still predominantly Classical, and it will still be well for him to make full use of his opportunities. It is perhaps unfortunate for him that Classics are here a tradition and that enthusiasm is scouted, but if he is kept to his work he should have read some books of Homer, the most glorious and spontaneous of all writers, a play or two of *Æschylus* and *Euripides*, a book of *Thucydides* and of *Herodotus*, and certainly some dialogue of *Plato*.

Once again we are muddled in our expressions when we say that too much time is devoted to Classics in Schools. It may be true that the time given to Classics in the older-established Schools is excessive, though this time is being diminished, but Secondary Schoolboys generally speaking are starved in Classics. They have little Latin and no Greek. This is wrong for many reasons. It

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converts the priceless gift of a knowledge of the great Classical languages into a social barrier, which, it is alleged, is ever in the way of aspiring intellect, whether it seeks entrance to the Universities or to the higher branches of the Civil Service. Is the remedy the exclusion of the Classics from the curriculum of Universities and of Civil Service Examinations? Surely not. The poor boy, making all allowance for environment, is intellectually much the same as the rich boy, and a due proportion of able but poor boys will, given the opportunity, become the Bentleys and Porsons, or the Jebbs and the Murrays of the future. If the Classics are the noblest instrument of mental discipline yet devised—and they are—this heritage should be the inalienable right of every able boy who desires it. The Board of Education has under its control the Municipal Schools of the country, and if it is justified in asserting itself at all, it would be justified in insisting that a boy who goes to a Municipal School should not be forced into advanced Mathematics or advanced Science, whatever his personal aptitudes may be, but that opportunities must be given him, either at his own School or by transference to another, of pursuing the noblest

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and the most glorious of all studies.¹ More Classics in Secondary Schools is a crying need, and for this we might cheerfully concede less Classics in the Public Schools. Those who love Classics and observe that its predominance is yearly diminishing must seek, if they are wise, to tap fresh sources of supply. If we will resolve to agitate for more Classics we shall light upon many a prospective Bentley starving for lack of proper mental nourishment. As it is now, one of the most promising Classical Scholars that the author knows is the son of a labourer, and a recent Chancellor's Medallist at Cambridge came from an Elementary School.

We are sometimes told, even by Masters of Trinity, that translations will suffice. But great literature is untranslatable, and transplanted from its own habitat it withers and dies. No translation, however able, is more than a dim reflection of the glories of the original. Those whom age or circumstances prevent must use translations, but others should not. A translation of Homer, or Æschylus, or Virgil is not good enough for Dr. Butler—

¹ The Board has insisted that every Secondary School should give its boys an opportunity of learning Latin if they so desire, but there is reason to think that this regulation has been whittled down in practice.

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nor for the writer — nor for any youth of mettle.

The arguments in favour of a Classical curriculum have been sometimes based upon what is known as the doctrine of Formal Training; that "faculties can be trained by any medium requiring the use of desirable powers, and that in some mysterious way the faculty will overflow or be adaptable to other uses than those in which it is trained." It is denied by a correspondent of *The Times*,¹ and by many psychologists, that "there is such a thing as an overflow of a faculty to benefit or strengthen its use in other subjects than that in which it is trained, unless there is some identity in the subject to which it overflows."² It is some consolation to be told this at a time when such extravagant claims are being made by the advocates of handwork as to the power that all manual crafts have of developing the intellect generally, and of promoting neatness and a sense of order. If there is no overflow of faculty in such cases, if, for example, the writer

¹ See Correspondence, "Classics and the Average Boy."

² "Only as far as there are common elements—if by elucidation, discussion, and exhortation one pursuit can be made plausibly and consciously symbolic of another, a certain transfer may be made."—Dr. Hayward, "Educational Aims and Methods."

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could not improve his power of writing Latin Verse or English Prose by learning how to mend his punctures or to repair a buckled wheel, he still feels justified in touring the country in his usual thriftless way and incidentally benefiting the repair trade whenever he sustains disaster. But there is an important proviso in this negative, "unless there is some identity of subject." Latin and Greek Literature deal, as we have said, with words, with man and all his relations with his fellow-men, as citizens of a state, and members of a smaller community. After all, there is a considerable identity between training to understand the mode of thought of the citizen of Greece and Rome and the development of an understanding of the principles upon which a citizen of the modern world must regulate his relationships with his fellow-citizens. We best understand the working of principles by seeing them illustrated in concrete examples. It is easy to refute this doctrine in its extreme form, if it is held that the mind is divided into compartments which can in no way at all affect one another. It may be that it is the result of a habit of abstraction which is the besetting infirmity of the scientific mind.¹ At any rate, all who are in the habit of studying their own

¹ F. W. West.

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minds can find examples of cases in which one acquired capacity has aided another capacity. The doctrine denies that there is such a thing as a trained mind or a great man. The mind has only been trained in one special faculty, outside which it is useless; the man is great only in his particular sphere of action, and outside that is a nonentity. If this is so, as has been well said, "Culture, in the wide and accepted use of the word, becomes an impossible ideal, and specialism is our only refuge." But the greatest geniuses have more often than not, even though they were not Leonardos, Shakespeares, Goethes, shown their myriad-mindedness by their power of plunging into the most varied activities and achieving success; and to come to a much lower level, it is the man who can display the greatest versatility, the greatest mental alertness in turning from one branch of knowledge to another, that mankind rightly agrees to recognise as the most highly cultured man, as the most highly trained mind. Psychologists have done Education a service by pointing out the looseness of our conceptions as to the influence which one subject may have upon another. But if psychologists are unable to reconcile with actual experience their present

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theorisings, it will be necessary for them to return to their laboratories and work out the question anew.¹

Much work still lies before the enthusiast for Classical studies. He must never be apologetic, for he is fighting the battle, not of Latin and Greek, priceless possessions as they are, but of the Humanities. The tendencies which are working against the studies of the Classics are not one whit less hostile to any liberal conceptions of the study of modern languages, or even of our own language.² Till French and German are taught as the languages of Corneille, Racine, and Pascal, or of Goethe and Schiller, and after that consummation is achieved, a School needs a vigorous and enthusiastic Classical side to exhibit its pattern of what the study of a language means. We are serving the ends, too, of our own language

¹ The question is, of course, an old one. Cicero in the "De Oratore" has an interesting discussion on the matter, with special reference to Oratory. Again, Thucydides in his report of that wonderful Funeral Oration of Pericles, which mirrors the Athenian spirit for all time, makes it evident that the most intellectual of all cities excelled by reason of the many-sidedness and mental alertness of its citizens. A recent work of Dr. Sleight's suggests that psychologists are modifying their opinion on this matter.

² I note that the French Ambassador thinks that the standard of French in English Schools has gone down as the result of new methods.

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and its unrivalled literature by studying those writers who more than others have made literature into a fine art. No language can be really understood unless the learner knows another language, and it is in truth the most signal proof of Greece's literary greatness and marvellous literary power that the Greeks alone—the exception that proves the rule—did not need the discipline of another language to aid them both to understand their own tongue and to develop its full glories.

The question may be asked, "Are the Classics a mental pabulum or a gymnastic?" I boldly answer "Both." In Education as in the industrial world the by-product is often as precious as—even more precious than—the product. It is not even necessary to decide which is product and which is by-product. The mind has its thousand sinews, and they need only too much a resolute development, the mind should hunger for its daily food even like the body. There can be little wrong with any system of education which can supply both these needs.

The greatest danger threatens the Classics, not from the ill-directed fury of the Philistine—he has been bombarding us for nearly a century with inadequate results—but from the boredom

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of the elegant scholar. To him the Classics have always been a primrose path. Taught Classics as a matter of course, he has never had to face a difficulty. He half fails to appreciate the richness of his heritage, and half despises those who have not imbibed the Classical traditions, or who have missed the Classical culture. There should be no Helots of Education, or at any rate Helotage should not depend upon social status or financial stability. There is a mighty river to be tapped, a new tributary which might add its streams to the strong current of Classicism, in those Secondary Schools which have not so far given in their allegiance. Our Bentleys are not to be despised even if they come from Board Schools, our Porsons are worth having even when presented us by the Municipalities. Such an aspirant to the noblest of all Cultures must now needs say at the end of a hard-won fight, "With a great price won I this freedom." Doubtless the freedom was worth its price, the struggle an epic of adventure. But may a happier chance in future times enable him to answer proudly, "But I was freeborn."

Still, as in the days when Arnold ingeminated Culture, the need is great, the Philistines are strong. Though "Kultur" has

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been trampled in the mire by Prussian ruffianism, Culture can still give "sweetness and light." Culture may still be a haven and a refuge in all our tribulation.

"Thy light alone—like mist o'er mountains driven,
Or music by the night-wind sent
Through strings of some still instrument,
Or moonlight on a midnight stream—
Gives grace and truth to life's unquiet dream.

I vowed that I would dedicate my powers
To thee and thine—have I not kept the vow?"

CHAPTER VIII

EXAMINATIONS

WE pass now to a much-vexed question, a question in the discussion of which more ink has been spilt by the savants of Education than on perhaps any other subject, the question of Examinations, their use and abuse.

Of all the many ways in which men have been divided, one of the most important is the distinction between those who look to the ideal and those who look to the actual. In the realm of educational theory there are those who hold fast to the position so nobly adopted by Mr. Chadband towards the "human boy." They know but little of him in flesh and blood, being generally unmarried or childless, but they melt into the most mawkish sentimentality at the sight of any of these bright, interesting, and lively creatures. They point out, truly enough, that much of our educational practice is based consciously or unconsciously on the doctrine of original sin. They depict, in colouring of the rosiest pink,

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beatific innocence trailing its clouds of glory after it, still haunted by radiant visions of a lost Paradise, while joyous youth is in all probability making faces at its admirers behind their backs. Education for these our prophets must be a primrose path, children must do what they like, as they like. They must be prepared for the hard school of life, with its cruel buffets and lightning knock-out blows, by a glorious apprenticeship of happy-go-lucky butterflydom.

In the world of theories Metempsychosis is the normal process. A century ago the primrose path had even then its champions, and the great Sir Walter broke a lance against them in a passage of much interest to the historian of Education. "I am aware," he says, "I may here be reminded of the necessity of rendering instruction agreeable to youth, and of Tasso's infusion of honey into the medicine prepared for a child; but an age in which children are taught the driest doctrines by the insinuating method of instructive games has little reason to dread the consequences of study being rendered too serious or severe. The history of England is now reduced to a game at cards—the problems of Mathematics to puzzles and riddles—and the doctrines of Arithmetic may,

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we are assured, 'be sufficiently acquired by spending a few hours a week at a new and complicated edition of the Royal Game of Goose." He describes only to condemn the methods of Waverley,¹ a boy of quick parts but indolent disposition. "While he read for his amusement he foresaw not that he was losing for ever the opportunity of acquiring habits of firm and assiduous application, of gaining the art of controlling, directing, and concentrating the powers of his mind for earnest investigation." In reading such a passage as this, or Newman's diverting description in one of his University essays of Mr. B——, who had been brought up on similar lines, we recognise the familiar face of a very modern doctrine.

Such a conception of youthful human nature and of its proper training is often associated with the doctrine that Education must be mainly the development of character, a noble view which, unhappily, being interpreted, means that the boy plays games—in or out of School—spends a certain number of hours at his studies, listens to sundry admonitions, perhaps attends sundry services, and leaves School on the threshold of manhood with the intellectual development of a Zulu, or the three

¹ Waverley was Scott himself.

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R's of those ancient Persians, whose educational accomplishments were limited to riding, shooting, and telling the truth. Alas! as Euripides once lamented, that the gods have given men no token of sincerity or of quackery: Every cheapjack who is incapable of training a pupil's mind, every Headmaster who cannot make his boys work or is too indolent to attempt the task, can prate of the superiority of character to intellect. Doubtless, as far as the antinomy does exist, character is superior to intellect, but how often the doctrine is the last refuge of the incompetent. More than aught else do we need to get rid of our horrible suspicion of the intellect, our craven dread of ideas of all sorts, do we need to make a clean sweep of the inefficients, who disguise their ignorance and charlatanry, masquerading in the guise of pioneers and reformers. An Elizabethan Archbishop rightly justified his love of a learned clergy when he said, that as to their piety they might deceive him sometimes, as to their learning never.

The boy, then, as he is to those who know, is not wholly innocent nor entirely perfect, but a creature by reason of his very touch of earth quite as charming as the figment of the visionary's imagination. He is resigned to the in-

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evitable, and performs his tasks if his masters insist; he is interested in his work up to a point, but he has no liking for the drudgery which is essential to all achievement and to all progress.¹ It is a characteristic of us all upon occasion. The most ardent of Headmasters, who finds his labours a sport and his work a pleasure, would not submit to the soulless task of compiling Board of Education returns except under dire necessity. Some stimulus, some incentive, must be found both for the man and for the boy so similarly circumstanced. It may be fear of punishment, or, better, hope of a reward, but few will submit to the dust and discipline without the hope of winning the palm. It is that last infirmity of noble mind—and of ignoble matter.

Thus would the cynicism of forty, brought at last by hard experience to accept the facts of life, reply to those who seek to make Education merely interesting. Learning may not be a desert with a few oases, but it is a journey through many an arid tract, with only occasional green meadows and smiling gardens, with only a few view-points of the land of promise, which ever lies so far before it. It

¹ There are "swots," of course, but the very word sufficiently indicates the boy's normal attitude towards learning.

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is a journey to the realms of gold indeed, but the traveller arrives wearied and footsore, and there is need of much encouragement by the way. By the rack of his brain as well as by the sweat of his brow must man win his hard-won livelihood.

So much by way of prelude. Assuming that in any educational system there must be tests of learning, and that these tests are necessarily matters of great importance, we will now consider what should be the principles underlying any system of examination.

Those who believe that the State should play some part, though perhaps not the only part, in any educational system, would naturally hold that School examinations should above all be State-controlled. Diversity of method there must and should be, and none should be proscribed. All good methods should, however, fulfil one common end, that of producing scholars well grounded in the subjects of their study. The State might therefore rightly test the different methods, and its Examiners would naturally in their reports point out what methods appear to be most successful, what least. There is room certainly for standardisation in attainment, though not in methods, and a State-organisation should be particularly

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well fitted for carrying out an elaborate system embracing the whole country, and the information gained as to the attainments of all the Secondary pupils of England would form a highly valuable census. It would be possible roughly to adopt a uniform system of Form nomenclature, and we should escape the scandal of a system, or lack of system, in which a Headmaster styles a Form a Sixth Form which would not be a Fourth Form in a School with a reasonable standard of attainments.

Even here rigidity must not be too severe. It should be possible for individual Schools, which were able to incur the additional expense, to submit syllabuses of their own of equal difficulty, but on different lines. Some member of the examining staff should visit each School and discuss both before and after the examination all matters and problems connected with it. The Examiners should be ex-teachers of long experience, and should meet together, not merely to set the papers and to prepare the class lists, but also periodically to deliberate upon modifications of syllabus, to confer with bodies representing actual teachers, and to interchange views on such matters. A teacher might be allowed to send up at the

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time of the examination a list of his pupils in order of merit, which could be compared with the actual examination order. It would not necessarily follow that the teacher's order would be the correct one, though it should be in most cases. Undoubtedly the final decision would be left with the Examiners, who would roughly remind us upon occasion that all our geese were not swans.

Another question which at once arises is, What is the basis of the examination? Literary, to our mind, rather than oral. We wish to train our pupils to use their own language with care and precision, and they must therefore set down their views and knowledge on paper. The written word is a far more powerful instrument of mental development than the spoken word. The most highly cultivated persons are less particular in the expression of their thoughts in conversation than they should be, and ordinary colloquial language is an appalling medium for the conveying of ideas. Our mother-tongue is a language which dies daily. We have fallen from the King's English to Heaven knows whose lingo. Jargon and verbiage, slang and sloppiness, tyrannise over us; we are satisfied with the baldest expression of our

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views ;¹ we are content with the most slipshod approximation to our meaning ; our sentences break up in the middle and teem with anacoluthon and aposiopesis, and we are guilty in every twenty-four hours of a whole Newgate Calendar of linguistic crimes. Such a debased idiom is English as it is spoken.

Of course the adoption of the written test will handicap the glib, ready boy, who is devoid of nervousness and who grasps everything as quickly as he lets go of it. But we wish to discover the sound intellects, the retentive memories, the boys who grasp what they have learnt, and do not forget it within three weeks. An examination is like a cricket match. Many who perform wonders at the nets cut a poor figure "in the middle." Fortunately after an examination the rejected can always abuse the umpire, a proceeding which our national pastime frowns upon.

From the circumstance that the examination is mainly literary, will follow that the preparation will not be merely oral, as it is in so many Schools. There will be frequent tests of the pupil's knowledge on paper during the School year. From these tests all will

¹ Witness the terrible phrase "sort of" prefixed to a verb, paralleled by the more plebeian "like."

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in some measure acquire a power of getting to essentials, a faculty of expressing concisely and clearly what they know, of giving—such a rare literary phenomenon—a plain answer to a plain question. Power over one's own language will be considerably developed, and Composition will be taught better by this method than by any other.¹

It goes without saying that even if different examining bodies should continue to exist, they would each enjoy separate spheres of influence. A salutary rule would be one School, one examination—at any rate for each separate grade of attainment existing in a School. Schools would be discouraged from sending in the same boys for more than one examination during the School year. The boys presented for examination should be boys of not less than an average age of fifteen, and the examination should always be the test of a whole Form's work, and not of specially selected boys.

The various examining bodies initiated a work of reform at a time when it was sorely needed, and when there existed no other

¹ The Historical Association recently denounced written examinations in History. I can only describe the Association's attitude as silly beyond conception.

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bodies able and willing to do the work. They possessed an academic standing and an impartiality which were above question, and they achieved a right of entry into Schools where any attempt at State interference would at that time have been hotly resented, even had the State felt itself able to undertake the duty. The fact that some of their methods have been susceptible of abuse, or that it is possible now to see how some things might have been better done, does not detract from the merit of those who gave their energies to remove the evils which they saw around them. The more extended use of competitive examinations had in many ways a beneficial influence upon English education, stimulating the energies of many individual teachers and pupils, and delivering some Schools from torpor and indolence.

I must now inform the reader that the views set forth in the last paragraph are mine, but their expression is a literal transcript of the judgment of that Consultative Committee of the Board of Education which has recently condemned examinations so severely.¹ No arguments in favour of examinations can be put more forcibly than this Committee has

¹ "Report on Examinations in Secondary Schools," pp. 28, 70.

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put them. It only remains for me to expand and to emphasize them.

He who wishes to get some conception of the fearful condition of "middle-class" education fifty or sixty years ago, can find it forcibly described in "Friendship's Garland" and other works of Matthew Arnold. Pretentious, fraudulent, quack-like, covering with stucco sham its interior of lath and plaster, Dr. Archimedes Silverpump's Academy had neither the dignity nor the intellectual stimulus of the great Public Schools, and could offer little in their place. It was the golden age of the Blimber or the Squeers, and there was no one with authoritative claims to appraise their merits. At length in 1858 the University of Oxford, followed soon by the sister University, established a series of examinations at local centres. Since that date it has always been possible to test in some ways the claims made by any School to a high standard of intellectual attainment. Schools have willingly submitted themselves to these tests, and have profited much by learning how their pupils compared with pupils of a similar age elsewhere, and by ascertaining what standard of attainment in the opinion of a University should be reached in various subjects by pupils

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of a given age. Where failures have resulted, the inquiry into the reasons of failure has often led to the discovery of flaws in organisation or in teaching.

A healthy influence has also been exercised on Education by the change from selection by patronage to selection by open competition in the appointment of Civil Servants. "The effect," to quote Lord Morley's words,¹ "of such a change has been enormous, not only on the efficiency of the service, but on the education of the country, and by a thousand indirect influences, raising and strengthening the social feeling for the immortal maxim that the career should be open to the talents. The lazy doctrine that men are much of a muchness gave way to a higher respect for merit, and to more effectual standards of competency."

One will admit at once that it seems strange at first sight that one man may get a Civil Service post because he is one mark ahead of another. But the fact remains that there is only one place for two candidates. In cases of such close order I would have no objection to the adoption of the time-honoured method of tossing up, or of the scriptural practice of casting lots, but the results would be equally

¹ "Life of Gladstone," i. 510.

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unsatisfactory to the defeated candidate. Better, far better, to appoint a man because he is a mark ahead of his rival than because he is a cousin of somebody, or the son of the butler of a noble lord, the old, vicious, and oligarchic system which examinations swept away.

Any stone will serve for an educationist in a hurry, and many are the arguments which have been used against examinations and examining bodies. That their certificates are not interchangeable, that Schools are forced unwillingly to take examinations which there should be no need to take, that picked pupils are sent in but the rest neglected, that the same boy is put in again and again for the same examination to gain prizes, that the system leads to advertisement, to cramming, and to severe physical strain; these are all criticisms which have been levelled against existing arrangements. These are charges which, if well founded, should certainly suggest a reformation of the system, but not necessarily its abolition. The objections that selected pupils only are sent in, that successful Schools indulge in vulgar and exaggerated advertisement, are matters that might, as things now stand, be easily dealt with as matters of professional ethics by a Com-

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mittee of Headmasters, or by a determined Board of Education ; for most of these abuses, where they exist, exist mainly in Schools inspected by the Board. A few scathing reports to the Governors of such Schools dealing with the errors of those responsible for these evils would soon put an end to the use of examinations for commercial purposes ; for no member of a learned profession likes to be branded as a tradesman or a vulgarian, especially when he has a sneaking suspicion that the stigma is well merited. All certificates should count pro tanto, and this consummation is being gradually attained. We cannot reasonably expect that different Universities will never have different views as to the terms on which students should be admitted within their portals, or that Cambridge may not expect proficiency in different subjects from those which Bristol demands. The two Universities may vary as widely in their standard for entrance as in their standard for Honorary Degrees.¹

For other evils the best remedy is without

¹ The reader is invited to compare the names of those deemed worthy of such honour at Oxford or Cambridge or London, at any time during the last ten years, with those with which the University of Bristol made its début and set the world aghast.

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doubt the development of a higher standard of ethics in the profession, chiefly by attracting as many highly qualified men as possible into it. The man of high intellectual gifts will generally, one may hope, pay that careful attention to detail which examinations, like all proper tests, demand, but he will never harness his immortal soul to any examination syllabus. Whatever he teaches he will teach carefully and thoroughly ; but he will not condescend to sacrifice his own individuality for any number of distinctions, however brilliant. We must endeavour to work out our own salvation. Some of us, we are told, have no moral backbone. If that is so, we must endeavour to develop our own strength of will, not call upon some mightier external power to save us from ourselves and to compel us into virtue. There are possibilities of moral progress in the one method, there are none in the other.

There is no measure in many of the criticisms. A case is quoted of a girl who took five examinations in one year, and then wishing to become a teacher found that she must take yet another. We shall not scruple to throw to the wolves to tear and rend the girl's Headmistress, who plainly did not know her business, but must add that we ourselves

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have had no personal experience of Schools in which such excesses of examinationism are tolerated, and would certainly never permit them in our own. One examination will generally secure any desired exemption, provided, of course, that the proper number of subjects are taken and that the candidate passes in all. Like many other Headmasters, we would obdurately refuse to disintegrate our School by preparing for a host of different yet similar examinations. In our profession a little resolution goes a long way, and timely firmness would generally put a summary conclusion to the dreadful imaginings which beset the nerveless Principal. Indeed, the Consultative Committee admit with perceptible regret that they did not find such an excessive recourse to examinations as they had expected.

The charge that examinations lead to physical strain was found not proven in the case of boys. "Probably the average boy has a greater power of resistance to pressure than the average girl. Johnson long ago remarked that a boy cannot be taught faster than he will learn."¹ If that was so in the days of the rod, it is still more true in the days of moral

¹ Report, p. 95.

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suation. The evidence as to over-strain related chiefly to girls, who are probably "at once more ambitious and conscientious."

To what, then, are due the criticisms of examination? The criticisms emanate chiefly from four types: the unsuccessful examinee, the indolent teacher, the crank, and the feminist.

The first class argue that examinations are no tests, because they themselves have failed to gain appreciation. It is distressing to find the world unregardful, but it is the fate of all at different times. The writer has had his reverses, but he picked himself up and endeavoured to abuse the umpires as little as possible, a sound, if somewhat unpretentious policy. Examinations as intellectual tests, and they do not claim to be more, are far more often than not confirmed in later years by achievements in life's hurly-burly.

How else can the indolent schoolmaster save his face than by blaming the examiner? We all at times receive "facers," when pupils of whom we have expected much disappoint. But upon reflection we generally find that there were flaws in our favourites which we in our easy optimism had passed over, and had hoped that others would pass over, but flaws

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which were magnified only too clearly under the remorseless microscope of the examiner. If we have done our best, we say no more; but if we have an uneasy feeling that we have neglected this matter or been careless in that, conscience compels us to hang some one, and the examiner makes vicarious atonement.

The crank is of necessity sworn foe of any system which casts too brilliant a search-light upon the deficiencies of his system. The crank is one who sees everything out of perspective. He exaggerates the importance of some principle, good probably in itself, and teaches his subject badly through concentrating on one point and neglecting all else. He is thrilled with pleasure as he rides his hobby; suddenly confronted with an examination hurdle, he puts his unpractised steed to it—and abruptly finds himself resting unpleasantly and at full length, on terra firma at last. He recovers self-esteem in time, but “never again!” The burnt child always dreads the fire.

It is one of the hardest lessons that a teacher has to learn, the harder the better his intellectual equipment, the more richly stored his mind, that the capacity of the adolescent's intellect is limited, “vitæ summa

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brevis spēm nos vetat incohāre longam." ¹ The teacher sets forth, if we may use again our former metaphor, on a journey *somewhere* with his host of pupils; but as he journeys off he passes byways of attractive lure, he perceives hills in the distance whose recesses he would fain explore, whose heights he would fain scale, fair Siren forms bid him stay by the way and take refreshment, but with deaf ears and half-shut eyes he passes on, though sore beset, for his goal is *somewhere*, not the mirages of Clouducuckooland. The half is greater than the whole, and in a book of Virgil, or a hundred years of a nation's history, in a few propositions of Geometry, or a dozen experiments in Chemistry, the true teacher can find lessons of profoundest import, and can soon shake off the shackles of a syllabus.

For the educational enthusiast knows little of Psychology, though the word is ever on his lips. The spade, not the sponge, is the symbol of our labours. We read one hundred pages in an hour, one book of Virgil or a speech of Cicero in forty minutes, we absorb facts and ideas through our pores. We are masters in some sense of the world and all its history, we exult in all the opulence of modern life,

¹ Life's short span forbids us to cherish hopes unbounded.

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that overpoweringly rich fabric which Literature, Science, and Art have wrought for us, the heritage of many generations. We love to trace things in all their bearings, we know that everything has some significance and some connexion with everything, mysteriously intertwined. And we love to unravel these connexions, subtle and profound in turn, and still we forget that our hearers are not yet intellectual gymnasts, that our tender fledglings cannot soar so strongly on the wing, that when we whirl them with the rush of an express o'er hill and dale, past lake and mountain, their vision is merely blurred by the succession of rapid images, and that at the end of the trip which we have so vastly enjoyed, our victims will be merely unbearably tired, possessed of scarcely one definite mental impression of all the miles of countryside that have rushed past them. The mind has *its* retina too, and requires its $\frac{1}{10}$ of a second for a proper appreciation of things. Fourteen and forty must needs move at different paces. We need not be afraid to be definite and precise, bare and humdrum as our lessons may appear to the teeming fancy of that most delightful discourser, Professor Gorgias.

Above all, then, the teacher must avoid the

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showman's tricks, must shun that delusive exaltation engendered of unbridled exuberance poured out upon a defenceless class. Point de zèle, no airiness. Let our listeners walk before they run, and run before they fly. In securing such an end even an examination syllabus may play its humble part. No School need, after all, blush to be the home of those who know; thinking may, and will, we hope, come afterwards. Feeding precedes digestion; the receptive faculties must develop before the creative.

The teacher and the business-like parent concur for once in their attitude towards examinations. The parent of this type, being under no delusion as to his son's character, does not credit him with virtues which are foreign to him. He knows what the enthusiast ignores, that his boy requires some stimulus, some incentive to steady application, and he remembers the days of his own boyhood. For once he is right, and ideals must yield to common sense.

The feminist objects to examinations, because they reveal with brutal candour woman's physical and intellectual handicap. Reasons of physiology prevent a girl of sixteen from attaining the standard of a boy of fifteen with-

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out a prodigious expenditure of both physical and mental effort, without undergoing a strain which finds no parallel in the boy. Every boy, even the most diligent, has a disregard of "grind" and a lack of scrupulosity which arouse a sneaking sympathy in the master's heart, but which curiously compare with the hypersensitive if not slavish conscientiousness of the girl, who almost kills herself in frantic endeavours to complete tasks beyond her powers. In subjects such as English she learns so fully her editor's notes and her teacher's dicta, and she reproduces them so laboriously, that she is perhaps a better examination candidate than the boy, but in subjects like Mathematics or Latin Prose, which demand highly developed powers of reasoning, she is confronted with obstacles that she can rarely overcome. It must be admitted that the condemnation of girls to take the same examinations at the same age as boys is one of the greatest of those wrongs to women of which we often hear. However, we are confronted with the probability that if proposals were made to institute an entirely different examination system for girls, woman, with some lack of logic, would at once denounce this differential treatment as a slur upon her.

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What alternative is there to the examination system which will not land us back again in the morasses of nepotism? Some would make a School record the deciding factor, a slightly improved form of the testimonial system. But we gain a doubtful aid from a system which records in a book every idle deed and every thoughtless act, if it is to be really complete, yet has no recording angel to erase its tale of venial offences with a tear, as the pious profanity of the immortal Uncle Toby was once blotted from remembrance. On the other hand, if only the grossest offences are recorded, we are no better off than we were, for no Headmaster willingly describes any of his pupils as undesirables or "scallywags." Many people have, with Cecil Rhodes, desired to lay stress on the need of character, as well as, or instead of, intellect. We grant the importance of character, but the difficulties of character estimates are seldom appreciated. On the small stage of School few boys reveal their capabilities in so clear a light that a prediction of their future development in character, or even in intellect, can be made with invariable accuracy of prevision. It is scant kindness to a boy to brand him as the most virtuous boy in a School; and let it be remembered, on the

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other side, that we may describe a person as a duffer, but if we declare him a villain we come within the ambit of the law of libel. The greatest virtue of examinations is indeed that they give us a rough idea of a boy's attainments, and that is all that they profess to do. Any person whose fortune it has been to read a few hundred testimonials knows with what relief we turn to a man's academic record after reading the glowing panegyrics of his supporters, and many a time must we ponder over that mysterious dispensation by which the enthusiasm of a man's backers is in inverse proportion to his academic achievements. In life as we find it, however, it is not true that all men of wide intellectual interests and high intellectual capacity have been awarded Second Classes.¹ There are exceptions, and not all would like to be judged by their examination records. But in the scholastic world, at any rate, those who disregard examinations are taking a 100 to 1 chance in their disfavour. Let them beware of welshers.

The outcry against examinations is especially unfortunate at a time when so many small and

¹ A recent writer in the "A.M.A." declares that Education requires big men, not brains. That writer gained a Double Third at Oxford. And are the grapes so sour?

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new Schools are in existence. Inspectors come round periodically and speak indulgently of the bantlings which they themselves have cradled, but a School needs something more than this delusive patronage. It needs to become acquainted with the standards of attainment, which are possible elsewhere, and it needs to compare its own standards yearly with these other standards, and to ascertain whether it is progressing or standing still. Again, the examination tests the individual, not the class, and it is absurd to put the Inspector's estimate of a class's work, based on the haphazard questionings of a few boys, beside the elaborate testing of the work of each of the boys of whom the class is composed. One of the most valuable things in the "Local" system is the detailed information given as to the work of each candidate in each subject, and his work is classed as distinguished, good, moderately good, pass, failure, bad failure. It is such information that Schoolmasters require. The ideologue, however, ignores all this, and probably does so because he is simply and entirely, being a theorist, ignorant of such a point of view.¹

¹ Mr. F. H. Colson (*Times*, Educational Supplement, February 1912) fully deals with this matter. I agree almost entirely with his conclusions.

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There are some psychologists, on the other hand, who think it likely that the intellectual tests of the future will be still more frequent, more searching, but perhaps more scientific.¹ Though a man is more than a phrase, and a mind more than a decimal, even if carried to its fifth place, it would be unwise to deny that the "intellective indices" of a boy or man will be an important factor in the estimate formed of his capacity. In fact, the advanced guard who are now engaged in one of their periodical denunciations of examinations may find, as so often happens in the world of Education, that the line of advance has suddenly changed, and that they must perforce bring up the rear.

Examination statistics, like all other statistics, need careful handling. For example, before forming a judgment upon a School's success in any particular year, one needs to know whether whole Forms were presented for examination or merely picked pupils; whether the boys in question were older or younger than the average candidate throughout the country; whether the year's results are exceptional or averagely good; whether the proportion of boys who are up to the

¹ Dr. Hayward, "Educational Aims and Methods."

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examination standards is high compared with the number of boys in the School; whether most boys merely pass or gain Honours or First Classes, and how, again, the proportion of Honours gained compares with the proportion of candidates throughout the country who gain Honours or First Classes. After these elaborate calculations have been performed—calculations which are, of course, beyond the powers of the man in the street—the results will furnish much valuable information to the expert. The man in the street, I fear, must be left to his own ignorance. Whether a boy gains a "Senior Local" First Class or a high First at Oxford, or a Fourth in Responsions, he has to his sympathetic admirers merely "passed his Exam.," the only phrase they know. But this does not necessarily condemn examination statistics. If we condemn such statistical exercises as have been just described, what must our censure of Whitehall statistics be? Will the hierarchs of Mr. Pease dare to throw the first stone?

Examinations have been condemned more or less comprehensively and vigorously in the resolutions of many bodies. But it is the defect of our profession that we will give any resolution our benison to avoid hurting any

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man's feelings, provided that we need not act upon it. The number of those attending meetings of the various associations is very small, and those present have certainly no mandate from the absent ones to deal with any question. The only possible method of eliciting the profession's views is that of the questionnaire, and this method ought to be adopted in all matters of importance. An inquiry made more than two years ago showed that Headmasters were very lukewarm, to say the least, on the matter, and did not seem to groan under the tyranny of the system very loudly. It is unfortunate that the Assistant Masters' Association have denounced with such indisciplined ardour the examination system, as their action might give rise to the impression that the Association merely desired that its members might have an easy time. In spite of the vote of perhaps two hundred members, I do not believe that the majority of Assistant Masters desire any very radical change in the system, provided that they have not to prepare their pupils for five examinations in one year, if we must quote the favourite example of the critics.

Some general principles on which the conduct of examinations must be based have already been suggested. Non Utopias fingo.

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I have ceased to dream dreams, and am not old enough to see visions; but perhaps it remains to make some suggestions in view of the present situation. It appears possible that the Board of Education may in time secure the dominating control of Secondary Education. It is therefore desirable that, just as in everyday life we have Judges to protect us from the impositions of the Executive; so we must have an independent examining body, whose decisions may in some degree serve to correct the arbitrary judgments of Whitehall. These bodies will fitly be the Universities Oxford, Cambridge, and London, and in time to come the still more modern ones; and nothing can be better than that the Universities should come into close contact with Secondary Education, and by imposing high standards of attainment promote its continuous advance. The ancient Universities, with their prestige and experience, will still play the leading part in examining work, and the modern *fin de siècle* Universities, which are in danger of developing into mere Schools of Technical Instruction, may find it difficult to appropriate to themselves a local sphere of influence, much as they may desire it. At any rate, Schools must be free to decide whether

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they will be examined by a territorial or by a national university. It would be a great misfortune for a School in the Bristol area, for instance, to be forced under the domination of that University¹—which circularises indeed periodically all Schools within fifty miles radius—even though, if we may judge from the standard of the honorary degree, the examinations would present few terrors for the worst prepared candidate.

Such an independent authority will still more be needed. A School which has been doing satisfactory work can now appeal to the evidence of examinations if charges of inefficiency are brought against it, and justify itself at any rate before the tribunal of professional or public opinion. The official, whether he be an educationist, an Inland Revenue agent, or a valuer, requires some bridle of his zeal. On the other hand, if the Board of Education really desired to gain some insight, not merely into the methods adopted in Schools, but also into their success,

¹ The objections to such a University are briefly, that by its instrument of government it has been made merely a glorified Municipal School, that though a University should be self-governing, a Council of laymen dominates it, that the tenure of its staff is precarious. The conferring of honorary degrees which caused such scandal was the act of this Council.

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it would do well to scrutinise occasionally the performances of particular Schools in external examinations. The Consultative Committee point out with cruel candour the uselessness of recognition by the Board.¹ "As absence from the list may be due to such totally distinct causes, it does not in itself convey much information to the public. Further, even the inclusion of a school's name in the list, and the consequent mention of this fact in the school prospectus, supply the public only with rather limited information. It assures a parent that the school has reached a certain standard fixed by the Board. But of the relative value of the different schools on the list it tells him nothing. Further, for all he knows, the school may be practically inefficient, and already threatened with removal from the list." Curiously enough in the one matter in which the State could have done yeoman service to Secondary Education by the establishment of a proper examination system, it has shown a magnificent disregard of co-operation and correlation. The examinations for entry into the Civil Service have, as the recent report of the Royal Commission points out, had no regard for the curriculum and

¹ Report, p. 86.

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organisation of Schools, and instead of giving practical assistance to Education by framing syllabuses which might harmonise with that system of Education over which the State now exercises such wide supervisory powers, have favoured private enterprise and flung their prospective employees into the arms of crammers, who really deserved that much-abused title. It is indeed, as has well been said, "an anomaly of the first magnitude that the Civil Service Commissioners should be allowed to carry on their guerilla operations without interference on the flank, so to speak, of the educational system of the country. Their examinations dictate courses of study and impose standards of value which are wholly unconnected with the economy of the Schools." If the various examinations for Intermediate Appointments be abolished, and examinations for candidates of the age of sixteen and eighteen respectively be substituted, the State will for once have done much to assist the Secondary School.

Few teachers object to the examination of their pupils by an external authority. Examinations induce the teacher "to treat his subject thoroughly; they make him so arrange his lessons as to cover with intellectual

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thoroughness a prescribed course of study within appointed limits of time ; they impel him to pay attention not only to his best pupils, but also to the backward and the slower amongst those who are being prepared for the examination ; they make him acquainted with the standard which other teachers and their pupils are able to reach in the same subject in other places of education."¹ One knows exactly where one is, and yet one's supremacy in the class-room still remains unchallenged, whereas examining one's own pupils is like auditing one's own accounts. Dr. Paton is afraid that the freedom of the teacher may be impaired. "The external examination imposes upon the school a rigid curriculum of a nature almost entirely bookish, which prevents the school from developing on its own lines. . . . It also effectually prevents the special cultivation of some leading subject, which in the hands of a specially qualified and enthusiastic head teacher might be made focal to the whole curriculum, and infuse all the other subjects with a contagious spirit of purpose and interest."² We hope that the Board will note the need of freedom for the

¹ "Report on Examinations," p. 103.

² Report, p. 78.

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teacher, so ably emphasized by a *persona grata*, but these criticisms certainly do not apply to the syllabuses of Oxford and Cambridge, which range between the wide limits of Spanish, Dutch, and Esperanto, Biology and Mechanical Drawing. The rigidity of which he complains is found in the syllabuses of the Lancashire and other County Councils—in other words, of amateurs who have no business to meddle with the work of examining. It may also be doubted whether any School, particularly if it is of small size, should be allowed to be a School of one subject, especially if its pupils are wont to leave early.

The examination system will not do any pioneer work in educational theory. That is not its function, but rather to test the working of theories in practice. Its task is to follow slightly behind educational opinion, adjusting its syllabuses and its organisation in harmony with the views of the most competent teachers. Still it must follow, not lag behind, and Examiners will therefore hold frequent conferences with teachers, and will themselves also be ex-teachers of ripe experience in every case. They will not themselves receive the experimenter with open arms, but their maxim will be "*securus iudicat orbis terrarum.*" And

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when the educational world, or any considerable fraction of it, has decided that a method is worth trying, the Examiner will at once proceed to test the method, accommodating the new prophet in all things as far as may be, yet insisting firmly but kindly that he must take his place upon the operating table and submit to a test rigorous but unbiased and impersonal.

Public opinion will slowly but persistently make for simplicity instead of multiplicity, and all schools will do what all wise Headmasters do now, and insist on their pupils taking one sort of examination in different grades at different ages, and gaining exemption, if need be, from other examinations by success in the one School examination. Oxford and Cambridge might be persuaded to join forces, as they have done with such success in the joint Boards Examination, and the coalition would probably dominate the examination system. With a large number of candidates it would be possible to pay the chief Examiner's high fees, and to secure men of great ability and professional experience, but University Dons who had had no experience in teaching would be excluded. Here once again the ex-teacher would have a very important rôle to play.

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The Examiner would have had a long experience of boys, and would make it his aim, as it is the aim of most Examiners at present, to discover what his candidates knew rather than what they did not know. He has no desire to trick his candidates, and he will see that they do not trick him. Even at present, as far as the writer's experience extends, there is very little to complain of as to the quality of the papers set. The papers are nearly always a fair test of the work done, and if the boy fails it is his own fault. The writer has frequently acted as Examiner, and knows that an Examiner is above all anxious to preserve a continuity of standard. He does not set startlingly new questions, however much he might desire to do so, as the results, though perhaps excellent in the long run, would be disastrous at that examination. He is therefore generally humdrum, and is perhaps abused for being so, but he prefers the lancet to the tomahawk.

One desirable reform which is perhaps past praying for is that, despite the Mænads and their outcry, no girl be allowed after some future date to take the present examinations, but that a system of examinations organised and entirely managed by women be substituted.

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The fact that girls take examinations originally intended only for boys is a great hardship for girls, and involves the great danger for boys that the insistent outcry of women-teachers for a lowering of the standard may be successful. There is no reason why such a newly-created system should not prove highly satisfactory. It would be a step toward the prayer of Lilia in "The Princess":

"O I wish
That I were some great princess! I would build
Far off from men a college like a man's,
And I would teach them all that men are taught.
We are twice as quick."

No argument has been advanced that convinces me that any harm is done to boys by submitting them to a test at the age of fifteen and to another at the age of sixteen, the latter corresponding to what is known as "Matriculation" standard. With proper teaching and a proper spirit of work, boys of normal intelligence will reach this standard at the age of sixteen. If the boy is working for a Scholarship at the University, or for a Civil Service appointment, he will need no further test for two years. If he has no very definite aims, he will likewise need no test. He has reached a certain standard; he has worked, perhaps, so

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far because he is obedient, or because he has followed the line of least resistance. He now may begin to understand dimly at least what education is; he is fit to be emancipated from the stricter discipline of set tests; he may expatiate somewhat, and walk according to his fancy in the pleasing paths of knowledge. Until all boys who enter our Schools have first gained this standard, and then learnt by the further study of at least a year that education is not merely the attainment of a certain modicum of knowledge, the diligent walking in certain much-beaten tracks, higher education that deserves the name will cease to become a living reality, possessed by more than an elect few. The Examination tests are, according to this view, seen to be needed at an earlier stage in the School life, at the ages of fifteen or sixteen, than is always at present deemed necessary. Between the ages of sixteen and eighteen or nineteen, indeed, they may be an impediment to the attainment of such a wider outlook and a wider range as the faculties which have been strengthened by the more rigorous discipline of earlier tests should easily achieve. We believe that in a properly-ordered School such a standard can be attained at an average age of sixteen. If our bureaucrats must meddle

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with Schools, they could, achieve most by securing firstly that every boy should remain till he has gained this standard, and secondly, by encouraging, through grants or otherwise, such boys to remain at least another year. For if the progress made between fifteen and sixteen is double the progress made in the previous year, probably the advance made in the next year will be equal to both these advances put together, and the prospective man in the street will have become the student in the arm-chair. At any rate, if examinations be forbidden before the age of sixteen by direct ukase, it is certain that the boys from the elementary school, for whom Whitehall has so touching a regard, will leave School before they take any examination or attain any high standard at all. Whereas, if they be allowed to take some "Junior Local" Examination, and are successful, their parents may be encouraged to allow their children to prolong their stay at School to a much later date. Even the Headmaster would like to confirm or correct his view of a boy's ability by an external test at this age. In short, the refusal of permission for boys to take a junior examination would at present be a smashing blow to the more modern and to the municipalised school.

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As to the "Matriculation" examination at the age of sixteen, two things must be clearly borne in mind. The word Matriculation is a misnomer. It is not to be assumed that the boy of sixteen is fit to become a University Student. In spite of all the blandishments of modern Universities, he should remain at School till the age of eighteen or nineteen, and if his School is properly equipped he will make great progress. The University, which will no longer be a kind of higher Secondary School, will take up the task where the School leaves it, and will carry on its students to a still higher stage. Nor will this "Matriculation" examination entitle a boy to a leaving certificate, for this term will once again give rise to the false impression that a boy's work at School is ended now that he has gained this "leaving certificate." No more mischievous policy could be adopted.

Such an examination machinery would not be well suited to the great Public Schools which take their boys at fourteen and keep them till nineteen, for they will not in a mere space of a year have had sufficient time to make much progress with their pupils. The fact remains, however, that the Public Schools, more than any other Schools, suffer from

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being under-examined rather than over-examined, and that too many boys pass right through the School without ever attaining a most moderate intellectual standard. A more rigid system of external examinations to which every boy was subjected would force these Schools for very shame to abandon those low standards which they so complacently accept at present.

I see no reason to accept the view that candidates should not be divided into classes, or that high proficiency in different subjects should not be recognised. Some pupils need the curb, but far more need the spur. If candidates merely "pass their examinations," we are exchanging our more or less precise standards of attainment for the shallow conceptions of the man in the street, whose favourite formula is that So-and-so has "passed in his examination," fostering the detestable and mischievous heresy that all men are intellectually equal, and encouraging all those who have any tendency towards indolence to indulge it to their hearts' content. Cramming is a crime; but it is not generally recognised that the worst form of cramming is not the cramming of facts. That form of surfeit nature can set right in its own way. The swiftly-got learning

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of the examinee will pass from him as lightly as it was acquired, and as the critic points out, not recognising that here is cause for boundless thanksgiving, not matter for regret, the portentous mass of erudition will melt away in one summer's holiday. A more deadly form of cramming is the cramming of ideas, the attempt to make the boy's point of view approximate to that of the mature man, the cult of the imagination, of self-expression, in a word, the fostering of intellectual precocity—that defiance of nature's courses which consists in putting old heads on young shoulders—which characterises so many of the methods of to-day.

Our Speech Days are often distinguished by the egregious utterances of various celebrities, who, with the best of intentions, console for their failure that numerous class which gains no Prizes by exalting character over intellect. It is a consolation which most boys, who have at least no particular claims to distinction, do not require. Comfortable words, which in effect mean that dullness or indolence does not matter, are not the regimen that most English boys need. They need rather the heartiest encouragement to row themselves out. “Who has not watched the headlong

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speed of a race, the chariots swallowing the ground before them as they pour along in a torrent from their floodgates, when the drivers' youthful hopes are at their height, and the bounding heart is drained by each eager pulsation? There are they, with their ever-ready lash circling in the air, bending forward to let the reins go. On flies the wheel, swift and hot as fire; now they ride low, now they seem to tower aloft, shooting through the void air and rising against the sky. No stint, no stay, while the yellow sand mounts up in a cloud, and each is sprinkled with the foam and breath of those behind him. That is what ambition can do; that is the measure of their zeal for success."¹ Thus has the mighty master pictured youth's love of victory. And if progress can be achieved by methods of competition which have some analogy even to the methods of athletics, let the young barbarian in his early youth be allowed the stimulus of rivalry and the glory of success. As he grows older, discreetly handled, he will grow wiser, but—it is a hard saying—enthusiasm for the things of the spirit, education's rarest product, is still a by-product. The Headmaster may dislike the

¹ From Conington's fine translation of Virgil, "Georgics," III, 105 *seq.*

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prolonged ritual of Speech Day and all its paraphernalia, and its orgy of self-glorification, but he feels that it is well that his pupils have been subjected to external tests and have done themselves credit, though whether the outside world knows or understands is a much slighter matter. He knows the mischievous implication of exhortations to goodness at the expense of cleverness; he knows that goodness is *not* the logical opposite of cleverness, and that he who can combine both qualities is humanity's finest flower. He knows, too, that the sins of ignorance, misunderstanding, and prejudice—in other words, lack of "cleverness"—far outweigh the sins of wanton, flaunting wickedness. From the crime of Calvary to the desolations of twentieth-century commercialism, from the age of brute barbarianism and medieval superstition to the age of Prussian "blood and iron," how many an evil deed lies at the door of those who knew not what they did! And to hold the balance justly we set against "Be good, and let who will be clever," the sombre but equally one-sided estimate, "*tantum religio potuit suadere malorum.*"

Think not, Reader, that we have devoted too much time to the soulless craft of examination. Like all other vocations, teaching has

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its poetry and its prose. Its poetry is found in inaugural addresses or Speech Day orations, its prose in our daily labours, our assiduous attention to machinery, our compilation—horresco referens—of Government statistics. The true schoolmaster, however heroic, must plant his feet upon the earth, far though his head may reach toward the clouds. Like all geniuses, he is ever cultivating his capacity for small things, and is not ashamed to take an interest even in an examination result. It could not be otherwise. Were he merely the rhapsodist, the inspired dreamer of Prize Days and of Conferences, he would be the figure on the prow indeed, cunningly fashioned by the artist's skill into the semblance of a godlike hero or a nymph divinely fair, a Bellerophon or a Galatea, a Hercules or an Arethusa, but not the pilot at the wheel, master of the lore of log and compass, conning each fathom's change upon the chart, marking the quicksand, shunning the sunken reef and deadly mine, facing the storm, braving the hurricane, and by his sleepless labour bringing his good ship safe and sound to haven.

CHAPTER IX

THE ELEMENTARY TEACHER ¹

BUT what of our elementary brother, thrall of civic administrator and governmental bureaucrat, inarticulate and ineffective, but given a leader, stridently vocal and shrilly importunate; strange blend of drill-sergeant, dreamer, and adviser of the universe; weak, and the tyrant's butt as an individual, but flattered and feared collectively; singly, indeed helpless, but gathered into a mighty host of 100,000, a many-headed monster which—teste Sir Robert Morant—leaves no permanent official's head quite safe upon his shoulders? He must take his place in our gallery of portraits, though he has hardly yet attained the self-esteem or the repose of the Old Master.

Upon this subject the writer professes no

¹ This chapter deals with the Elementary Teacher only so far as he is a politician and a publicist. Privately, he is as placid, and eupeptic as most people, and, from the point of view of a Secondary Headmaster, almost the best type of parent.

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authority, and he knows only the outside both of the Elementary School and its Teachers. Let these gleanings, therefore, be regarded as merely an individual impression to be corrected by a study of "The Schoolmaster," clarified, by a perusal of the reports of Conferences of Elementary Teachers, and by every other method.

Mr. Holmes, with unflattering bluntness, has told us the truth according to his gospel. The Elementary Teacher is insufficiently acquainted with the doctrines of Buddhism, and both teaches and practises a Religion which is only a sublimated system of payment by results. Instead of regulating his life on the principles of some Eastern Sage, he regulates it by our British rule of thumb. With brilliant exceptions he falls into a groove, becomes the creature of rote and rule, and needs firm guidance from benevolent officials of higher social and academical antecedents. He is, we gather, a child of routine, who must support his tottering footsteps by leaning on some weightier stay, slavishly obedient to rule and formula, devourer of all crumbs of doctrine that fall from the master's table, from his youth up, from that early date when he began his apprenticeship, perchance by sweeping out his

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School in the early morning,¹ guiltily yet angrily conscious of his shortcomings, but turning and rending all who dare suggest defect, snarling and howling with his fellows as the pack sweeps in full cry after some erring official. It is scarcely strange that the latter feels that he holds a wolf by the ears whenever he attempts to deal with elementary education.

What is the phrase which gives the key to all these varying actions? Dr. Hayward has found it, and has diagnosed the evil. It is "malignant egoism." The poison of malignant egoism hourly secreted, hourly courses through the veins and penetrates the system, to be discharged upon the first enemy that crosses his path. Every man is as good as his neighbour—and better; every man, so at least he thinks, is as capable as his neighbour of accomplishing his neighbour's task. But even in Elementary Education there must be differences of status. Who, then, shall win promotion? That to Dr. Hayward is the crux of the situation. Promotion cometh neither

¹ As we are told a leading Welsh educational official began his career. All honour to him!

"Who sweeps a room to make it clean,
Makes that and the action fine."

We presume, however, that the march of time has put an end to these exactions.

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from the East nor the West, but from a kindred interest in Freemasonry, from a common frequentation of a political Club, or from sidesmanship at some church whose clergy have much influence. Promotion is the one theme of converse, it is the one gage of battle, the fons et origo of wordy wrangles and furious struggles. The conquering cause may please the gods of the Council Chamber; but the conquered cause still pleases Cato, and he nearly chokes himself with his own bile. Promotion is "a gamble, an ignominy, and a scandal in some places," and the more elusive aspects of a teacher's work evade the appraisal of unskilled censors. Lack of success breeds bitterness, bitterness engenders cynicism, and cynicism carelessness. As for the inspector, he is feared but not respected. He is merely an outsider of another class, at once unpractical and arbitrary, who thrusts his nose into everything and thinks himself a superior creation. All must bow down before the idol of Whitehall, and the deepness of their genuflections and the completeness of their prostrations only intensify their loathing for their oppressors, who are enemies outside the pale. Some teachers have even been known to devise codes by means of which

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abstruse calculations or knotty problems may be solved by the master and the solutions passed on to his pupils.¹ The teacher naturally enough in present conditions has only a dim notion of what Education is. It seems a vast, intricate machine with flying shafts and revolving pistons, in which he is merely a cog-wheel. He teaches what he is told to teach as he is told to teach, and if he is not a born teacher with a vocation, soon drifts into idleness and incuriousness, and is abused by more energetic colleagues most frequently. His ideas are often scanty, and he greedily gulps down the phrases which his more gifted fellows, the B.A.'s or B.Sc.'s, ladle out so lavishly at Easter Conferences. There he will prove his culture by ungrammatical effusions, demonstrate his breadth of view by vindictive onslaughts upon a Cabinet Minister, attest his chivalry by howling down the supporters of a pro-Suffragist resolution. Timon of Athens, Diogenes, and Jack Cade combined, he is ready for any resolution which may sweep from their pedestal the "Haves" and engulf them among the "Have-Nots."

¹ I do not suggest that this is at all common, but an Elementary Teacher himself has told me of another teacher who, when parts of speech were being parsed orally for the Inspector, would test his face on his left hand if "noun" were the answer, and on his right if "verb," &c.

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Such, rightly or wrongly, does the Elementary Teacher seem, dilating in professional conclave upon professional topic, however placid or good-humoured or good-hearted he may be, beside the domestic hearth. What is the cause of all these failings if Messrs. Holmes and Hayward are justified in their criticisms? Who drives fat oxen must himself be fat. The teacher has not been taught. He¹ entered professional life at the mature age of fourteen or fifteen, in the scantied hours, of leisure he received exiguous instruction from his Headmaster, himself a teacher with a similar career and with perhaps even less educational opportunities, and finally, if he was one of Fortune's favourites, he reached a Training College, whose curriculum, being adapted to the attainments of its students, was similar to that of a higher or even lower Secondary School. There he was crammed with peptonised Psychology and desiccated Pedagogy—sciences which he was not educationally fitted to acquire. Thence he returned to the Primary School and engaged in the colossal task of instructing a public meeting of sixty children at once—for his superiors, like Charlemagne, would have him teach in platoons and in-

¹ *i.e.* the majority of present teachers.

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form in battalions—and aided by a vigorous if mechanical discipline, something which he had at any rate acquired, actually achieved the miracle of imparting something to his charges?

So at least it seemed a few years back. The Board School child could write a good “hand” and do his sums correctly. Now under the régime of self-expression and self-realisation his “hand” is less beautiful and his Arithmetic is far to seek. Whether he has a more intelligent appreciation of the universe is a more doubtful question, but at any rate the old thoroughness has departed.

Examinations in Elementary Schools of children of tender years had doubtless a pernicious influence, and the system of payment by results was all the more vicious, as the teacher was bound to instruct all that came to him who could not be classified as imbeciles. We have changed all that, with what results? Principal Griffiths¹ declares that “it appears difficult to find distinct evidence of improvement in any way commensurate with the sacrifices which have been made.” The storm of criticism which this utterance evoked suggested an uneasy feeling that the statement was true.

¹ Presidential Address to the Educational Science section, British Association, 1913.

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The writer has occasionally examined Elementary school-children of presumably more than ordinary intelligence, candidates for Scholarships in Secondary Schools. Their work compared unfavourably in most respects with that of Secondary schoolboys of the same age. The Arithmetic was done best, but their understanding of their native English was limited, and their power of expressing themselves upon the simplest subjects was small. Questions on History and Geography could not be set as the boys had been too busy carpentering or performing prodigies with pairs of scissors to learn much about the country or the planet which they inhabited.¹ Reading was in nearly every case a lifeless drone, and the dropped aspirates could have been shovelled away. A study of the ex-Elementary scholar on Sunday as he parades the streets, or of that still more horrible phenomenon the factory girl, reveals no power of self-expression and self-realisation, except of a somewhat revolting type. I do not criticise—he would be a bold man who would

¹ It will, of course, be remembered that classes in Secondary Schools are much smaller, and that the home surroundings of most Secondary schoolboys render it easier for them to make good progress in such subjects as English, History, and Geography.

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assert that he could enter a class of sixty and do better—I merely state facts which many have observed. The only apparent remedy is that the State, which has so long cast its ægis over the Elementary School, should now attempt to make it really efficient. If no class contained more than thirty children, and if every teacher had gained at least a pass-degree, Elementary Education would be a more costly thing, but what a reformation might be achieved !

But as great a need would be the development of the individuality of the teacher. He must not feel that if he gets interfering with the machinery it will crush his bones to powder and tear his flesh to ribbons ; he must not be compelled to submit fearfully but angrily to huge, passionless, irresistible forces into which he is forbidden to pry. Dr. Hayward, with an official's zeal, would make a middle-man do all the thinking—"Many teachers would be perfectly satisfied"—he would even abolish Head-teachers, for the advantages are more contingent than the disadvantages. But I am convinced that no progress can be made in this direction. If, as has been contended in previous chapters, the teacher must give free play to his individuality, the need is as great

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in Elementary as in Higher Education. Levelling perhaps is needed, but levelling upwards, and the prestige and position of the Elementary Teacher must be raised, not the prestige of the Secondary Teacher lowered. Will this truth ever be recognised by those who have to deal with Elementary Education?

Rapprochement, then, may be desirable, but it will not be achieved on the basis of our surrender at discretion to the exacting claims of omniscience and supermanity sometimes advanced by fevered orators. "The elementary school for the poor is an institution which has no remote history. . . . The secondary school has a long history; through a series of changes it goes back, in every European country, to the beginning of civilised society in that country; from the time when this society had any sort of organisation, a certain sort of schools and schooling existed, and between that schooling and the schooling which the children of the richer class of society at this day receive there is an unbroken connection."¹ Unless its leaders are absolutely witless, Secondary Education is not likely to surrender its primacy. The present system of training Elementary Teachers is per-

¹ M. Arnold, "A French Eton," p. 218.

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haps bad from two points of view. It takes a boy whose secondary education is not yet finished away from his school to learn to teach. It sends him back one day per week, in which he learns nothing, but cumpers the ground. Meanwhile, as others tell us, he has lost touch with Elementary Schools, and has not acquired the remarkable power of keeping order possessed by the old Pupil-Teacher. Having in the year of Student-Teachership forgotten much of what he has learnt, he goes to a Training College to recapture the knowledge which he has lost, and finally leaves without getting within measurable distance of a degree.¹ Yet in one respect the system is full of hope. If in the future every Elementary Teacher has spent some years at a Secondary School, and many Secondary Headmasters, little as some have prized the privilege, have trained the future Elementary Teacher, the wall between Elementary and Secondary will have been already broken down. We shall understand one another and esteem one another, and the teaching profession will be a solid fact and not a visionary ideal.

¹ One notes with regret that at many Training Colleges students are discouraged from working for a degree.

CHAPTER X

THE GRAMMAR SCHOOL

WE have said much of Schools in general, but still the question remains and calls for an answer, "What is the typical English School?"—if there be a typical School. Not the large Public School, despite its world-wide fame, assuredly not the "Secondary" School—odious and late-coined designation—flaring with its bright red bricks and smirking with its brand-new equipment. It is, as I believe, the Grammar¹ School, that venerable home of learning planted in almost every town that can deserve the title, whose birth dates back to immemorial antiquity. Picture it, recalling Arnold's noble eulogy of Oxford, with its young barbarians at play, its buildings unpretentious, yet with the exquisite sense of purpose and fitness that time alone can give, rearing its head proudly yet quietly with all the mellowed charm of centuries, haunted not by the fret and fever of a turbid age, but by

¹ Grammar being "the study of humanistic literature," though this conception was sometimes narrowed.

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the peaceful influences of the past. Few of our ancient smaller towns lack some individual distinction, whether they be "set in a gleaming river's crescent curve," nestling beneath some rolling hillside, or perched on some vantage point with noble views around. Few Grammar Schools, however plain and homely, lack some suggestion of a long placid course, some semblance of a haunt of immemorial peace, whether they be enisled with sturdy oaks and soaring elms, coyly retiring from the slight busyness of a country roadside, or stablished in some hallowed precinct with minster tower raised gloriously behind its trees, with their grey stone so restful in the sunshine, symbolising so happily the quietness of strength and permanence.

Not that it has the doubtful happiness of no history. Many its vicissitudes. The zeal of early days died away, the civil strife of Cavalier and Roundhead left its fatal traces, the stagnant torpor of the eighteenth century wasted its strength. But Hercules from time to time has visited it with club and lionskin, has cleansed stables and slain monsters. There have been enow of such as for their bellies' sake creep and intrude and climb into the fold. The administrators of its foundation have wasted its substance in riotous living, the glutton and the wine-bibber have appro-

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priated its revenues, bestowing upon their trust only the light of countenances as empurpled as the everlasting bonfire-light of Bardolph.¹ Yet it still survives ; it points to its long line of zealous masters, of distinguished or at least-deserving pupils, to an archbishop perhaps, or a famed scholar, or to some perfervid genius of literature whose boyish years of quietude in a grey, sleepy city were so strange a prelude to the stormy sequel of a sojourn in Bohemia. It is cherished by the citizens with a love that none of yesterday's creations can evoke ; it lives its tranquil life but slightly ruffled by the angel visits of Whitehall's myrmidons, and it repudiates indignantly the title Sleepy Hollow. There is some subtle charm that steals into the soul as one paces its precincts or strolls across its playing fields, when one bethinks oneself that here were heard of yore the drums and tramlings of past conquests, that there once raged the battle's onset, that day when the besiegers pressed on to scale the City ramparts, that under those two mounds, whose lines sweep on unswerving into an angle of the School's demesne, ran and still runs the bulwark of the City raised in the

¹ One writer describing the principalities and powers of such a town half a century ago, speaks of their "illiteracy—vain, fat-witted, beery, excessively conservative."

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days of Roman lordship, or even when history and tradition fail to relate a tale at all. The outer world affects each one of us, and there must indeed be a greater harmony between mind and its surroundings in this home of calm than in the crowded city's central roar amid the hum of traffic, the deafening crash of wheels on cobble-stones, and the jarring cry of trade and all its votaries. Truly in such a temple of tranquillity we realise the goodly pasturage of Plato, and our scholars there "may drink in good from every quarter, and noble deeds and emanations may strike upon their eyes and ears like a gale wafting health from salubrious lands, winning them imperceptibly from their earliest childhood into resemblance, love, and harmony with the true beauty of reason." ¹

The Grammar School, with all human institutions, may have a twofold progress. Like Galloway, its line may have run brightly through many a far-famed sire, and yet like Galloway again it oft has ended in a mire—as a mixed school with needlework and agricultural chemistry as its summit of achievement. Its function is, or should be still, as in the past, to be the focus of culture and enlightenment in its own district; to preach

¹ Davies and Vaughan's "Translation of the Republic."

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by deeds, not words, the dignity of learning and the delights of humanism; to make men, not mechanics; to guard the citadel of knowledge. The greater—how frequently they are the richer—Schools have gloriously succeeded, and though the product of the Grammar School is sometimes sneered at by the College Don, how often has he held his own with the alumni of more famous seminaries; how often has the torch of knowledge—dimly though it has burnt at times—been kept alight through some Close Scholarship, gift of some pious donor, which has maintained unbroken the connection between School and University.

Its boys are of all sorts and conditions, and as a School which calls itself Muddleham School—or Middlemarch School, or Sleepy Hollow if you insist—it is *the* School of Muddleham, or these other places. It knows no very subtle distinction between Juniors and Seniors, and ranges betwixt the wide limits of ten or twelve years, from the views and customs of the Palæolithic Age to the last cry of the twentieth century, from barbarism to the most intellectualised culture. Its boys are socially the mean, with all its golden virtues, cultivating neither the gaminerie of the gutter-snipe, nor slavishly honouring the Public School boy's fetish of good

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form. They are spoilt at times by incapable parents, but wealth being limited, the process rarely can go far. They have an affection for that School in which some will spend so many years, which is a potent source of strength to it. They will work if they must—would you have our young barbarians walking Bentleys or incipient Faradays? It is a little world in which they and their masters live and have their being—cloistral, secluded, far from the madding cries of all those controversies which shake the larger cities. Government may seek to galvanise it into a more restless activity, but distance lends enchantment to the view even of Whitehall, and Sleepy Hollow, most delightful of abodes, still tranquilly pursues the daily round, lagging resignedly behind the latest fashion, whate'er it be, untroubled by the neuropathic fretfulness of those who dwell in "wens." It is a joyous privilege to pass on peacefully from year to year, building slowly, but a solid, lasting structure. Happy the man who has been called to this vocation! Must he not, despite all difficulties and depression, feel many a time that the lines are cast in pleasant places, must not his heart, in that divine last phrase of Thackeray's, not once but often "throb with an exquisite content"?

CHAPTER XI

CONCLUSION

"Is there no life but these alone?
Madman or slave, must man be one?"

How, then, do I think of my profession? Nobly. The choice of Hercules is too often now the choice of Hobson. I, however, have never regretted that I made the grand refusal, that I spurned officialism and a competence, the attractions of a drab existence spent in composing minutes fortified by an annual automatic rise of salary and an inevitable pension at the end, for the delights and woes of a profession which is still a glorious adventure, with its prospects of mediocrity, failure, success, and successes worse than failure, but a profession in which a man may still possess his soul. I love my profession as much as any man this side idolatry. Despite the frequent flamboyancy of our leaders, despite the eulogies that I have listened to ad nauseam, despite the profanation of high language used without restraint and at times without sin-

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cerity, I still believe that mine is the noblest profession.

How should I advise those about to teach? Must, my answer, like Mr. Punch's, be in the negative? I must ask a further question before I make reply. Do you, like Arnold the poet, who suffered ecthipsis, not Her Majesty's Inspector, desire to be "like all the other men you see"? Do you wish to pursue the official's progress, from habit to routine, from routine to blind tradition, from blind tradition to senility and a Companionship of the Bath? Do you wish, like Lydgate in Middlemarch, to cherish a basil plant to feed on your brains?

"For most men in a brazen prison live,
Where in the sun's hot eye
With heads bent o'er their toil they languidly
Their minds to some unmeaning taskwork give,
Dreaming of nought beyond their prison wall;
And as year after year
Fresh products of their barren labour fall
From their tired hands, and rest
Never yet comes more near,
Gloom settles slowly down over their breast,
And while they try to stem
The waves of mournful thought by which they are
 prest,
Death in their prison reaches them
Unfreed, having seen nothing, still unblest."

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If you speak to me of "schoolmastering"—
bête noire of a word—I can guess at once that
you have no vocation. If life is impossible
without a Daimler, if existence is unendurable
with less than a thousand a year, become a
lawyer, a vendor of patent medicines, or a
company promoter, but not a schoolmaster.
If you are attracted by the prospect of associa-
tion with the freshness of a rising generation,
of a life lived in sympathy with beings who
have faults indeed, but not the faults of a
civilisation steeped in formulas and hypocrisy,
if you hate and abhor "bunkum," then enlist
in our ranks. You may be so fortunate as to
find serene, unclouded happiness. You may
find, like the mariner in Arnold, that there
prevail "despotic on life's sea, Trade winds
that cross it from eternity."

"Awhile he holds some false way undebarr'd
By thwarting signs and braves
The freshening wind and blackening waves.
And then the tempest strikes him, and between
The lightning bursts is seen
Only a driving wreck,
And the pale master on his spar-strewn deck
With anguished face and flying hair,
Grasping the rudder hard,
Still bent to make some port he knows not where,
Still standing for some false, impossible shore."

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What then? The fate of the helmsman, beaten upon by the winds and buffeted by the waves, is still to be preferred to the living death of the toiler in the brazen prison. As Chapman finely says :

“Give me a spirit that on life’s rough sea
Loves to have his sails filled with a lusty wind
Even till his sailyards tremble, his masts crack,
And his rapt ship runs on her side so low
That she drinks water and her keel ploughs air.
There is no danger to a man that knows
What life and death is.”

— Yet descending from these regions, we will admit the heavy burden of our enforced frugality. The admission holds with regard to all save the principalities and powers among us. If it is increasingly recognised that it is in the interests of a Headmaster that his Assistants should be adequately recompensed, it may some day be also recognised that the Assistant Masters’ interests demand that the Headmaster too should have his reward, and with it the prestige which still in many cases attends him. It will be regarded as an axiom that neither should the one be shabbily genteel, nor the other a splendid pauper. We may be spared the ironic spectacle of a House Master from Harrow coming to address a body of Headmasters, whose income averaged

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£438 per annum, on the need of better salaries for Assistant Masters.¹ In any case, dignity forbids us to shout for 'pourboires' and to scream for backsheesh, following the methods of the youthful somersaulters who infest the routes to Goodwood or Epsom.

Mr. R. F. Cholmeley, of Owen's School, Islington, the energetic Secretary of the Headmasters' Association, is the ablest exponent of such methods. In a series of articles which appeared simultaneously in many provincial papers he has pleaded, so that he who runs may read, the cause of the penurious teacher. But despite the altruistic force and fervour of the advocate, the articles are after all but a vast begging letter of many thousand words. Our fugleman is undoubtedly a skilled publicity agent. He has shed every single prejudice of Marlborough and Oxford, and had he not achieved eminence in his present profession would have made a fortune as an advertiser. What region is not full of our labours? Under Mr. Cholmeley's beneficent régime we may almost expect as we travel homewards to our well-earned holiday to find staring in our faces flaming appeals for "Proper Pay for Peda-

¹ This actually happened at the meeting of the Headmasters' Association in January 1913.

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gogues" and "Tender Treatment for Trained Teachers"; we shall discover with embarrassed modesty that our virtues are familiar as household words, as the advantages of Pears' Soap and Beecham's Pills. Mr. Cholmeley's patter, if the word may be pardoned, has penetrated everywhere. He and Mr. Eustace Miles are shining examples of what the grand old fortifying classical curriculum can achieve even in the business world. They grip you with their first "ad.," and their "follow-up" ensnares the half-bewildered victim. What a subject for the cartoonist is Mr. Cholmeley, as he rifles John Bull's pockets, eloquently adjuring him the while to hitch his waggon to a star!¹

But if we need more money we also need a fresher outlook. If the soldier and the sailor's eye grows dim, their natural force abated, it is equally necessary in our warfare of the spirit that some should leave the fighting line to go on half-pay. There are innumerable situations in which the Schoolmaster is almost indispensable for the performance of

¹ I gladly admit that throughout the whole of this campaign Mr. Cholmeley, whose devotion to what he considers the interests of his profession is undoubted, has been thinking of his professional brethren rather than of himself, and, in common with many members of the Headmasters' Association, have been indebted to him for much kindly service and willing aid.

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most necessary functions. He is needed on Governing Bodies (very badly), he is required as a writer upon educational theory (oh! how much!), he is cried out for as an Inspector and an Examiner, he is demanded as an administrator. All pension schemes, therefore, which do not provide opportunities for men (from forty upwards) who so desire to give up active teaching work and to engage in other branches of educational activity, neglect one of the two great aims of any Pension Scheme, the attainment of efficiency. Moreover, less than all others, dare we embrace the heresy that the lifelong process of education is for us finished. We need our fallow years, as well as the years of heavy culture and fruitful yield.

The Hierarchy and the Parish Pump are twin causes. The Schoolmaster is ground at present between the upper millstone of a bureaucratic Board and the lower millstone of a caucus-ridden assembly. The grand eighteenth century—turbulent, mutinous, and rhetorical, which needed no drawbridge, moat, or castellated front to defend the house which it so proudly termed its castle—has passed away, and our abodes from cellar to attic, from drains to drawing-room, are open to the inspection of the minions of authority. Democracy was

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once a figure—it has developed into figures. We thirst for statistics, and we celebrate the apotheosis of ciphering. From another point of view, Government may now be typified in the form of a sheep-dog. As it rounds us up, it barks and worries, though, we are told, like all good sheep-dogs, it rarely bites. Yet, as it drives us whither we are unwilling to go, to the pasture or the market now, but to the abattoir to-morrow, we are not grateful for its attentions. As we have pointed out in earlier chapters, we are tending towards a situation resembling a nightmare, or one of Mr. H. G. Wells' Anticipations. Under the malign influence of Plato the ascetic and the puritan, who, despite the wonders that he has achieved in liberating men's spirits, had not the smallest conception of what liberty means, we are to be confined in a prison with the latest improvements and with perfect sanitation, but yet a prison. Gone is that delightfully fresh enthusiasm with which Herodotus, the finest raconteur in the world of literature, treats of the merits of Democracy. We worship the Juggernaut of Efficiency—and we fling ourselves and our dependants under it as it proceeds mid anthems and alleluias on its triumphal passage. We once admired and

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held up for imitation the methods of the ant, but a more advanced nature study will soon induce us to practise the perversions of the cuckoo. The scale of values has shifted, and we place the administrator above the teacher, the man of schedules, circulars, and memoranda above the genius who laughs at them. We submit ourselves to a Board of Education and its edicts, though this Board may be at times the office-boy, at others a Second Division Clerk, at others an Examiner, at others an ex-Party Whip, but never an ex-teacher. Even some who look with hope to the establishment of a national system of Education admit the need of some non-national schools which may preach and practise the doctrine of rebellion against, or independence of, the State. The cynic declares that regulations, like things more toothsome, are made but to be broken, that it passes the wit of man to go through twelve solid months without some infringement small or great of that Niagara of commands, monitions, and suggestions which descends upon us. Rabbis profoundly versed in lore Talmudic loved to speculate on what might happen could one man live a single day without infringement in jot or tittle of the Law and its accretions. They decided that the

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consequences of the Fall would be revoked. Such was virtue—whose sight, according to Plato, would kindle the most passionate admiration—to those blind guides pent in their panoply of Pharisaism, case-hardened in their creed of cunning caution. It is to such dull unreasoning obedience to a code that benumbs, to a letter that killeth, that we are gradually being driven, to an age wherein we shall prelude all our actions by an “I am instructed,” as the clerks do. “Ah! must, Designer Infinite, ah! *must* thou char the wood, ere thou canst limn with it?”

Inspection at present oscillates between tyranny and farcicality. If Whitehall is indeed to supervise Secondary Education, it will be necessary largely to increase its inspectorial staff. The present system of selecting Inspectors merely according to the predilections of high officials at Whitehall must cease. The Inspector of the future, if he is to fulfil his duties properly, will be one of ourselves, not a politely distant stranger, queer compound of loungeur, spy, and English gentleman. He will have some acquaintance with the science of Education so called,¹ tested and verified by

¹ “At present it is an outrage to speak of examining or inspecting the work of a teacher.”—HAYWARD.

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long experience, possibly he will have views, not crotchets. One often wonders what the present-day Inspector thinks of those whom he inspects. The Inspector of the ideal future will be sometimes at least an ex-Headmaster, often one who has not caught the judge's eye for a Headship, but always one who has a thorough sympathy with those who are members of the same craft, and there will be no impassable gulf between Dives and Lazarus, whether of status, nature, or of class.

Nor, again, will the sluices of Whitehall always remain locked. That Whitehall, when requested to aid, should gravely permit us to appeal to the nearest Town Council, will not always be considered a suitable solution of a serious problem. We shall some day before the arrival of the Greek Kalends have our mess of pottage, but those whose tastes do not include a liking for the Governmental cuisine will, one must hope, still cater for themselves, and still retain their patrimony of independence.

What will be the future of Muddleham as an educational authority? I cannot tell. I think it unlikely, however, in whatever direction matters may develop, that local obscur-

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antism will continue to play its pranks indefinitely, but that, either a gigantic bureaucracy will be established, to which the present bureaucracy is nothing, and that Schools and Post Offices alike will be subjected to central management, and to central management alone, or—a better way—that our profession will assert itself, and claim and win autonomy. King Log has been followed by King Stork—though in justice to ourselves we must deny that we had ever sought a change of ruler—it remains for Zeus himself to take his turn. Muddleham has tried and failed—is at times uneasily conscious of its failure. Mediocrity, like water, finds its own level, and will not altogether regret retirement from the scene it never adorned. Give Muddleham its due. It fervently believes that it is its brother's keeper, and it quarrels, struggles, and retails scandal, because it is intensely interested in its neighbours. It is because it loves its neighbour so dearly that it does battle with him, and hard knocks are given and taken in the same spirit as the loving spouse of Wapping or Whitechapel accepts the blows and buffetings of her too ardent goodman. It is rather a question of taste or of idiosyncrasy than of morals. Yet still we claim our freedom,

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whether against priest or politician, pundit or publicist. The cobbler should stick to his last, the tradesman's purview does not extend far beyond the rampart of his counter. Let him remember that, and we in our turn will remember with due meed of gratitude the punctual hand that bestows on us our daily bread, our beef and mutton, our milk and morning paper, regarding our ministers neither with patrician contempt nor with sycophantic admiration.

We have pointed out that the gravest objection to a State system of Education is that such a system sets up barriers to freedom of opinion and its expression. Every State service must have its own discipline, and we must either accept the official view or abandon the official status. Did a State system now exist, were there established a hierarchy carefully graded, with Minister of Education at the apex and village teacher at the bottom, methods and systems must be stereotyped, changes would be effected merely at the suggestion of those favoured persons who had the ear of the Minister. Criticism would be an act of indiscipline, and such books as this—tragic consummation!—could not be written, or at least published. But our profession needs,

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above all else, the free breath of criticism, whether of existing methods or of proposed changes of method. We must resist the cant of progress, we must have freedom to hiss as well as to applaud, to hoot the actors off the stage as well as to recall them time and again. A little mutual antipathy will healthily alternate with much mutual admiration. There has been much improvement in English education during the last twenty years, the dry bones are clothed with flesh, the four winds of heaven have breathed upon them. Let us not mistake effect for cause. Improvements have resulted from the slow, steady, silent workings of tendency in individuals, not from Whitehall revolutions wrought by the stroke of some clerk's pen. We cannot pronounce as yet whether the Teachers' Register will be a mausoleum, the tomb of an ideal, or a hortus siccus of strange specimens, but we may hope that we may have a better conception of what a teaching profession might be, and we can cultivate a better understanding with the members of at least our branch of it. One would desire too, turning aside from all questions of administration, that the widest and loftiest conceptions of Education may have power to prevail, that neither we nor our overlords will

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be contented with the beggarly elements. The highest and the first vocation of all is, to be men, and therefore liberal and vocational Education do not move on divergent lines, but being produced ever so far *will* meet. The true conception of Education and the noblest description of the working of the most finely cultivated intellect are still enshrined in those lofty sentences and exquisite cadences—cadences which haunt the mind unceasingly—in which Newman sixty years ago portrayed the beau ideal of Education. That ideal is “the clear, calm, accurate vision and comprehension of all things as far as the finite mind can embrace them, each in its own place, and with its own characteristics upon it. It is almost prophetic from its knowledge of history, it is almost heart-searching from its knowledge of human nature, it has almost supernatural charity from its freedom from littleness and prejudice, it has almost the repose of faith, because nothing can startle it, it has almost the beauty and harmony of heavenly contemplation, so intimate is it with the eternal order of things and the music of the spheres.”

“Felix qui potuit rerum cognoscere causas,”

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or as Arnold has englished it :

“ And he was happy if to know
Causes of things, and far below
His feet to see the lurid flow
Of terror and insane distress
And headlong fear be happiness.”

But be it noted that the perfect man is a contemplator of all time and all existence. He has, therefore the insight of the man of Science¹ as well as the sensibility of the poet. Knowledge is but one kingdom, though it has many provinces. Though perhaps two men only, Plato and Goethe, have achieved the perfect synthesis, the poet, the philosopher, and the scientist are all one, and that truth is beauty, beauty truth, is still all that we know, and need to know.

Our aim is to produce the flawless harmony and joyous discipline of perfect freedom, and in our Schools the Headmaster must have his share of freedom, the Assistant Master his, and the boy finally must be trained gradually but surely to deserve his.

“ Ah ! freedom is a noble thing,
Freedom makes men to have liking !
Freedom all solace to man gives !
He lives at ease that freely lives.”

¹ The word Science is often narrowly applied to investigations of what more properly is called Natural Science. This is, of course, an incorrect use of the term.

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The old poet has quaintly but truly expressed an all but universal feeling.

The establishment, therefore, of local bureaucracies subsidiary to the greatest of all bureaucracies should be stoutly resisted. The middleman is a parasite of many industries, the educational middleman is a great encumbrance to the teacher. In an L.C.C. Secondary School the Headmaster, who should be the energising principle that calls out from each and all their proper activity, who needs, like Nelson, a blind eye to turn sometimes towards orders and regulations, is merely a superior clerk. To all intents and purposes the School is worked from Spring Gardens, governed by blue forms and red tape. The result is inevitable. With automatic methods of instruction, automatic rules of procedure, and automatic rises of salary, the teaching automaton teaches automatically. Education Officers can comprehend methods which are cast-iron, arrangements which can easily be summarised on stereotyped forms—they object to originality or personality. On the other hand, if men are willing to submit themselves to this machine, without doubt the School can run itself—the due number of forms are completed, the due statistics compiled, the due salary paid

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with pleasing regularity. Yet Education is not merely the pressing of a button. Outwardly the School is working with much success, in reality it is a living corpse, restrained from decomposition by all the aids of Science, but with all its vital functions in suspense.

It is delightful to turn from the politics of Education to take one last glance at our profession and all for which it stands. In all the many troubles of his stormy career, in his anxieties as to the foundation of a Catholic University, in his attempt to establish a Mission at Oxford, in the suspicions cast upon his orthodoxy, Newman, the greatest exponent of the noblest principles of Education, found a haven of refuge in the tranquil precincts of the Oratory School; taking a class in some Latin author, preparing a performance of some play of Terence. The heaving billows of sectarian controversy and party strife surge up to our walls, and sometimes smite against our portals, but they gain no entrance. Within we are supreme, by prescription, by prestige, and by the strongest of all titles—merit. The most cocksure of amateurs will tell us what to do, but he will never venture on a demonstration in our presence, and in our class-rooms. The most verbose of censors is tongue-tied

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when he crosses our thresholds, and wanders uneasily; as fish out of water, embarrassed and apologetic. We are the *πρροφῆται*, and it lies with us to interpret to our pupils the glories of literature and the nature of things; to feel first, and then to inspire others with our enthusiasms. We are told that we mould character. It is a bad metaphor, especially in reference to pupils who have passed beyond the years of earliest childhood. Our pupils are not clay in the hands of the potter; they are ourselves in posse, and it is for us gradually and surely so to develop their faculties that they may at length pass from intellectual nonage to intellectual independence. It is not ours to supply them with a body of doctrine or a theory of the universe; it is for us to bestow on them a far more precious gift, the power of balanced judgment, the keen-edged sword of intellect, the power to distinguish between the good and the better, to see, if not the myriad sides that every question has, at least two or three of them. Yet even at that the intimacy of master and pupil is a most potent force. Here is an inspiring instance. In 1863, after a two years' tenure of the Mastership of the Crypt Grammar School, a man of genius left Gloucester disheartened, broken in spirit. His stay had been

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unhappy; he had battled with those responsible for the administration of the School; he had waged wordy war in local papers with anonymous scurrility. The iron had entered his soul. Sick at heart, he returned to the ranks of the Assistant Masters. Apparently his work at Gloucester had terminated in crushing failure. Thirty years afterwards, one who had entered the Crypt School in August 1861, a weakly boy on crutches, wrote the essay "T.E.B.," a glowing testimony to the greatness of "the widener," with his "whiff of the great world" about him, a magnificent eulogy of a poet that seemed to his admirer the equal of Tennyson, an imperishable record of a lasting friendship between master and pupil. "Be that as it was, he was a failure. . . . From his" [point of view, it] "was an unpleasing and ridiculous experiment. From mine it was an unqualified success. He opened to me ways of thought and speech that—well!—since it came upon me like a call from the world outside—the great, quick, living world—and discovered me the beginnings, the true materials of myself." The writer was W. E. Henley, and if Brown had accomplished nothing else at Gloucester, the fact that he was enabled to give Henley the inspiration, the

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driving force, that urged him with indomitable courage into a great and strenuous career as literary gladiator is another laurel on the brow of that forceful teacher of whom so many Clifton boys can tell.

So the Schoolmaster *can* write upon the hearts of his pupils, even though it be with invisible ink. Yet the glow of sympathy, or the fervour of grateful recollection may restore to sight the dimmed inscription of years long past. A great Schoolmaster who has given his life's energy to his School enjoys no little fame wherever two or three whom he once taught have met together. When our fuimus comes to be written, may the words of Virgil be quite appropriate: "I have lived the course of destiny, and a mighty shade I pass below. I have established a mighty city and have beheld walls of my own foundation."¹ Yet let there not be too many walls, and too few of the men that make a city.

We are artists, but being artists we have the defects of our qualities. The De Profundis follows our Te Deums so speedily. We are egoists doubtless, but the world would

¹ "vixi, et quem dederat cursum fortuna, peregi
et nunc magna mei sub terras ibit imago.
urbem præclaram statui; mea moenia vidi."

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do well to exploit our egoism. We are like Horace sometimes, "*iratus ut placabilis essem*," quick-tempered but placable, and we have not fully developed the capacity for suffering (adult) folly gladly. Stupidity in high places is grievously trying, and it is hard to kick against the pricks. But the grand lines of Juvenal bid men deem happy those who have learnt in the hard school of life to endure its worries and not to be restive under the yoke.¹ It is life's lesson for *Didascalus* too.

At a time when the human race appears to be pressing forward blindly into the prison-house of Socialism, I take comfort in the thought that once again—it may be soon, it may be after many years—men will refuse to chew the bitter cud of bureaucracy, and will turn with loathing from those who trust to remedy all human ills by one sovereign panacea; that after many a struggle of the victims, and many an agony breaking the stoutest heart, the human spirit will gain emancipation; that the human mind is mightier than all the fetters devised for its restraint, and that in the end it will burst and shatter

¹ "*magna quidem sacris quæ dat præcepta libellis
victrix fortunæ sapientia; ducimus autem
hos quoque felices, qui ferre incommoda vitæ,
nec iactare iugum, vita didicere magistra.*"

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all the devices of despot and administrator. In such a newly-delivered state Education must again be free from the paralysing grip of the official. For it is the liberation of the spirit, and works through forces incalculable, blowing like the wind wherever they list. It is the product of no machine, however intricate, of no organisation, however elaborate. Vainly, then, do men hope by formulas and recipes to educate their subjects. For it cost more to redeem their souls, so that they must leave that alone for ever.

L'ENVOI

*Rapt child of fervent midnight hours,
Record of hopes and fears,
Go, book, to tell of many a mood,
Gladness and strength and tears.*

*Prisoned within a code's constraint
~~We bow~~ the sullen head,
Narrow the bounds that compass us,
Strait is the path we tread.*

*Thou Shalt Not like a rampart bold
Afflicts with chilling dread,
Thou Shalt with menace lowering
Rears opposite its head.*

*Oft as I muse on those who must
Tyrannic hests obey,
The teller and the tale seem one,
And I am We or They.*

*The plowers ploughed my back, methought,
Long furrows, yea, they made,
But yet, perchance, with no scant meed
I too the debt repaid.*

*Rend we our choking bands of tape,
Shatter the chains which bind,
Let him who teaches win at last
Freedom of heart and mind.*

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Two letters by the author on the subject of the Teachers' Register which appeared in *The Times'* Educational Supplements of January 1914 and April 1915.

THE TEACHERS' REGISTER

A CRITICISM OF THE CONDITIONS

To the Editor of "The Times."

SIR,—The educational "palaver," as Carlyle would no doubt have termed it, has now been opened, and the various associations are holding their annual orgy of "stimulating" and "suggestive" papers and addresses. Perhaps, then, the present is no inappropriate time for a careful examination of the proposals and machinery for registration adopted by the Teachers' Council.

So far the chorus of acclamation has been unbroken in its harmony, though each critic, to judge from your *Supplement*, has his own reserves. My strongest claim for an opportunity of criticising unfavourably in your columns the provisions recently adopted must be that I disagree to a large extent with the eulogists of the work that the Council has accomplished. "Minorities must suffer," we have been told, but they are, nevertheless, sometimes in the right. May one still small

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voice of opposition be allowed to raise itself, even though it be a voice crying in the wilderness?

• The unity of the profession, Sir William Anson declares, is a catchword. I would merely suggest that it must be for years yet an impracticable ideal. The project of welding together in one common organisation with common sympathies and a common policy representatives of the universities, of the secondary and elementary schools, and of the occasional teacher—*parvus scholarum cultor et infrequens*—men of conflicting views and divergent methods, is as surely chimerical as would be at present the union in one body of the Archbishop of Canterbury and his suffragans with representatives of the Plymouth Brethren, Mormonism, the Salvation Army, Christian Science, and other irregular corps of the Church Militant. What community of interest can reasonably exist between the head of an Oxford college and a teacher of shorthand, and, despite the intellectual gymnastic of the classics, what is the greatest common measure of an instructor in eurhythmics and the Regius Professor of Greek? "Necessity acquaints us with strange bedfellows," and few more motley gatherings can ever have been grouped together than that fortuitous concourse of educational atoms which met under the presidency of Mr. Acland in four different rooms.

Co-operation is necessarily difficult, and if higher education is to hold its own in such a scheme the educational parliament must be divided, as other parliaments have been in the past, into its several orders. If we come to a

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counting of noses the Vice-Chancellor of Oxford, alas ! is no better off than his neighbour ; and we arrive at the result, extraordinary in a parliament of education, that the representatives of the most highly developed culture are in the minority. Education, from one point of view the least democratic thing in the world, takes an ironic delight in demonstrating that all men are not equal, that the same course of training will result in one case in miraculous success, in another in abject failure. However, in our parliament Bristol and Birmingham can outvote Oxford, Sheffield and Leeds will swamp Cambridge, and the National Union of Teachers with its seven representatives is the master of them all. Is it not better to stand aside altogether rather than to go through the farce of expressing opinions which the might of Sir James Yoxall's legions can at once overwhelm ?

The grand seigneurs of the educational world spend much of their time in posing as Philippe Egalité. The attitude is pleasing, and I would be the last to deny that levelling is desirable. Unless, however, the levelling is in an upward, not a downward, direction, the results can only be disastrous. The principalities and powers of education can best serve their fellow-workers in other spheres not by yielding up their prestige or even their privileges, but by pressing for the bestowal of a greater meed of esteem and independence upon sister Cinderella, bullied and sweated as she so often is by the ignorant or even illiterate Bumbles who control her destinies, despised and dictated to by inspectors of the

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Holmes type, a slave who finds herself daily more hopelessly immured in the prison-house of cramping, soulless routine. The very tribulations of the elementary teacher convince me that the true interests of education demand, not the reduction of the Headmaster of Eton to the position of a village teacher, but the exaltation in prestige and position of the village teacher till he enjoys something of the respect and freedom of action which pertain to the Headmaster of Eton.

I urge these general considerations against the present proposals, but the scheme is open to criticism in many of its details also. I am not qualified to pass on to the Register without attestation of my merits from another, but I have already performed this service for others. It may be a matter of interest to record that a mere statement that the applicant is not unfit will suffice. This impressive litotes, this statement that the applicant "has been guilty of no serious moral delinquency," to quote a phrase from a testimonial which has become a classic, will not in some quarters be accepted in the spirit in which it is offered. There is much virtue in the phrase, however, and I foresee a long procession of "lame ducks" passing through the wide portals of "not unfit" aided by such an open sesame. If a headmaster is unable to constrain his conscience even to this negative testimonial, the afflicted applicant may have recourse to some member of a governing body, some justice of the peace, or other responsible persons, who are doubtless gifted with the power of recognising the "not unfit" teacher at sight.

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While one admits that in any scheme vested interests must be regarded and some time limit appointed, one regrets that it was necessary to damn a whole profession with the faint praise of "not unfit."

Turning to the qualifications required after December, 1918, one experiences a graver shock. After having long cherished the delusion that I was a member of a learned profession, I find now that the minimum qualification is the passing of the examination qualifying for recognition as a certificated teacher in an elementary school, an examination below even matriculation standard, a stock of attainments which many schoolboys not of Macaulay's breed would hold in derision. I share with Mr. Cary Gilson a sense of disappointment that this is the case, though I do not share his optimistic feeling that things will all come right in the end.

That crime against democracy, a register with a double column, has been averted, with curious results. A man may, for instance, be placed on the Register upon the results of a test in music, woodwork, or bookkeeping. He is then free to teach whatever subject he pleases, deluding the public by the statement that he is on the Register, which is true enough. So far as the Teachers' Council is concerned, once the necessary guinea is paid it matters not whether the applicant lectures on Greek in a university, teaches French in a secondary school, or presides over the singing classes of an elementary school. Among the ironies of the situation, and they are many, the

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most striking is that university and secondary teachers have for the most part declared themselves satisfied with the academic qualifications required, while elementary teachers have not only expressed the gravest dissatisfaction, but have even threatened to smash the Register unless amendments are made.

The advocates of the new Register have been in too much of a hurry to think out their reasons for the faith that is within them. It is simply untrue to say that the new Register insists on a high standard of attainments, and yet Sir John McClure commits himself in his haste to this statement. Nor is it a safeguard against the charlatan, as Professor Jevons and Mr. Legge aver. A man who has the elementary certificate is quite free to open a school and to profess to give his pupils a secondary education. He is on the Register. Headmasters of secondary schools will not be deceived by applicants for appointments, but if governing bodies, as some suggest, are to insist upon the appointment of registered teachers alone, and are to be taught to believe that those on the Register have alone attained to educational salvation, it will be but another proof of the innocence of some governing bodies in matters educational. Nor are we quite ready yet for the transvaluation of values which some desire. It is well that men should know how to teach. There are two methods—one that of attendance at a training college, another the “docendo discas” method, the course adopted by 95 per cent. of the present generation of secondary teachers, advocates

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of "training" included. But it is absolutely essential that the teacher should have something to teach, and if we must choose between two evils, infinitely greater harm can be wrought by the ill-informed teacher with a smattering of psychology than by a highly-educated man who learns his craft by degrees—as, indeed, does the "trained" man.

Whether it is still possible to amend the serious defects enumerated I cannot say. I fear, however, that our leaders, like the Prince in Haps Andersen, are exulting in their gay new garb while their nakedness is patent to those around them. Is further make-believe desirable? My answer must be in the negative, and for the present I must boldly assert that, judged from the standpoint of secondary education, the new Register ought to be a failure and is an imposture.—I am, Sir, your obedient servant,

J. H. E. CREES.

CRYPT GRAMMAR SCHOOL,
GLOUCESTER, *January 1914.*

THE REGISTER: A CRITICISM

To the Editor of "The Times."

SIR,—In your *Supplement* of January, 1914, you were good enough to permit me to set forth a number of objections to the proposed Teachers' Register. Your recent article, "In the Balance," prompts me to review, with your kind consent, the situation as it now appears to a hostile critic.

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The situation appears to be this. Of perhaps 150,000 men and women engaged in all the branches of education recognised by the Registration Council, about 5500 have made application during the fifteen months which have passed since the conditions of registration were announced. Few secondary teachers, and still fewer elementary teachers in proportion, have applied.

It is in the nature of bulletins to mislead; those of the Registration Council are particularly misleading. Only the initiated could discover that as yet merely an insignificant proportion of those eligible have applied, that at present we need to know not who have applied but who have not. Twice we have learnt that Dr. Sadler is registered, which seems to suggest that that distinguished man counts as two ordinary mortals. His valency is greater still, but such computations seem opposed to the equalitarian principles on which the Register is based. In the list of nonentities who have applied, including inspectors who do not teach, we see occasionally—*rari nantes in gurgite vasto*—the name of a schoolmaster of some eminence. If such a one needs a long twelvemonth to make his decision, it becomes an interesting exercise in the Rule of Three to calculate the length of time required by a dweller in remote Western wilds. Hope springs eternal in the official breast. Progress, we learn, is as rapid as was expected, is more rapid than was the case with the previous Register. In other words, if one fiasco differs from another fiasco in discredit the present Register is a slightly less discreditable fiasco than

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its predecessor. It would be interesting to have the computation of a mathematician as to the number of decades required to secure a completely registered profession, allowance being made for wastage through death or ill-health, for unsuccessful applications—are we all efficient?—and other causes. An optimist might indulge the hope that the energetic secretary's attainment of centenarian status and the achievement of his most dearly-cherished ideal might nearly synchronise. Might not a branch office be opened in the Elysian Fields for the benefit of the myriads who still hesitate? Assuredly they will not be inscribed on Mr. Roscoe's books otherwise, unless they attain to a longevity rarely found except in the remotest nooks of Ireland or the early chapters of Genesis. May the Register continue to make progress at its present speed!

Obviously lack of enthusiasm is the feeling which predominates. The entrance fee is small, and had the Register been ardently desired it would have been complete in six months. The war did not begin till more than seven months after the publication of the conditions, and therefore cannot be held responsible. Registration, though strongly supported by the officials of the N.U.T., in all probability appeals very little to the rank and file, for it is merely a visionary enhancement of status. Some teachers, we are informed, are paying their guineas by instalments. Whether they are deducting 4*d.* a week from their miserable wage, or registering under the three years' system, it is a startling fact and casts a lurid light upon

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the conditions under which some teachers have to work. "*Nil habet infelix paupertas durius in se quàm quod ridiculos homines facit.*" What teachers who cannot find a guinea for such a vital matter require is not an imaginary equality with the Headmaster of Eton or the Master of Trinity, but a strong trade union which shall secure them a living wage.

But the secondary teacher who does not go to conferences, modestly inarticulate and undemonstrative by nature—and he is in a great majority—is influenced by other motives. At once the defect and the strength of the representative system is that the representative never represents. The nominal leaders of secondary education are either men of high intellectual gifts who do not really understand the point of view of their followers, or less gifted masters in London schools who swim with the official tide. They are never backwoodsmen. In the art of war it has recently been demonstrated that premature advances result in hasty retreats, and in our own more peaceful world there are frequent examples of faulty leading. Of course the grand seigneur can condescend. To him the difference between a municipal secondary school and a higher-grade school seems triflingly small. Not so to those in question. The mountain at a distance seems one rounded mass, but as one approaches nearer one finds a multitude of irregularities, gaps and projections, elevations and depressions. Similarly, it is an established fact that the slighter the distinction of rank or status the more rigorously do men expect it to be ob-

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served. A course of conferences seems to produce the conference mind, a type which inclines to the philanthropic platitude, which delights in attendance at Ministerial levées, where it courts and is courted, in dalliance with Under-Secretaries and conclaves with hierarchs, which loves diplomacy for its own sake, not assuredly for its Dead Sea fruit, which being generally incarnate in a skilled rhetorician, dabbles in a vague cosmopolitanism and welters in a nebulous fraternity, because denunciations of sectionalism and a perfervid sentimentalism afford more scope for its often admirable rhetoric. One can but turn on the hose of common sense and point out once again that village teachers and regius professors, instructors in carpentry and sixth-form composition masters form a team which needs very skilful driving, and that our phaeton¹ will have many sharp corners to turn. To say that all are equal in the realm of intellect is treason. It is cant also, though well-meant cant. We live not in different streets, but in different worlds, and our greatest common measure is zero.

The secondary schoolmaster is of necessity disappointed at and disgusted with the new arrangements. He had hoped to become a member of a learned profession, of a profession which guarded the entrance to its ranks most jealously and opened only to merit. He finds himself a nondescript surrounded by nondescripts, finds that the qualification of a university degree which he had hoped would be essential is completely ignored, and that,

¹ The author wrote "Phaethon."

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following a Scriptural precedent, the Registration Council has gone into the highways and byways and compelled men to come in. Let me refer here, Sir, to two pronouncements in your own Supplements. In February, 1912, you pointed out the difficulty, if not the impossibility, of devising one condition of entry suitable and fair to all types of teachers, and favoured a register by compartments, with free movement from one compartment to another. In September, 1913, the necessity of every teacher's attaining some elementary standard in general liberal education was emphasized with much force. "It may be necessary to take a foreman from a dyeworks and employ him to teach dyeing to working lads, but such lads will not acquire the art of dyeing any better because their instructor is illiterate. Hence it may be supposed that, although the Registration Council will have nothing to say about the right of public authorities to make use of such tradesmen as supplementary instructors, it will make short work of their claims—if such be advanced—to be translated out of their avocation into a learned profession." Again, the inclusion of university representatives was regarded merely as an afterthought. "It would be ludicrous to suppose that 'Q,' the eminent Professor of Literature at Cambridge, would be assisted in the discharge of his office by being ranked as a professional teacher." Following the admirable precedent of Burke's colleague at Bristol, I most respectfully and emphatically say ditto to the Editor of *The Times*.

• Unhappily the backwoodsman cannot or will

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not come up to town to express his views. If by some exception he does, he obediently passes all resolutions which his leaders put forward, because otherwise he will be "stultified"—blessed word! He makes a mental reservation to register, next year, or at the Greek kalends, the later date for preference, meekly returns home and passively resists. His leaders threaten and hint of Sibylline books, but that is a game which, as he thinks, two can play at. "If one resolution is ineffective, try two," is his leaders' axiom; but they are still left in the unhappy plight of plenipotentiaries without a mandate. For the backwoodsman, meek but stubborn—stubborn, if you will, with the perversity of the ass—can neither be cajoled nor thwacked into acquiescence. He refuses to let his Balaams either drive or lead him a yard farther than he desires. Being by some strange freak of nature unvocal, he cannot remonstrate with his riders, but he gently deposits them at the fitting moment in the nearest ditch or quagmire, and scarcely troubles to watch their flounderings. He is a Hamlet at the time for action, and would have been of great assistance in working out the ancient problem of the ass and the two bundles of hay. Yet one touch of asininity makes him and his riders kin. Only the blunders of very clever men indeed could have landed us and themselves in the present *impasse*.

Still the ass thinks hard. Did space permit I could have wished to develop at length the view that our great need at present is the *questionnaire*, the Referendum. What is required is not the

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views of those schoolmasters who happen to be in London in the first week of January, but the views of *all* schoolmasters (and of all schoolmistresses). Leaders would not then be involved in the humiliation of guaranteeing to Whitehall what they could not by any possibility fulfil. A referendum on the Register would probably be a great surprise, but as the success of the Register depends upon the attitude of the individual teacher, not on the views of leaders, however eminent, it would be well to recognise that one has to hasten slowly in this unenlightened country, and even that the cant of progress is as unlovely as the cant of retrogression.

Nor can I here attempt to show how the inadequacy of our representation is almost a complete barrier to the expression of diversity of view, as, *e.g.*, in the examinations question. Five or six distinct views were put forward on this subject at the Headmasters' Association's recent meeting, but we have only one representative, who does not on all points represent the views of the majority of his colleagues, and whose catchword is, "Trust the Board of Education."

But progress towards professional independence cannot lie in this direction. The first debate of the Council was not impressive—indeed, seemed designed to bring the Council into contempt. Emphasis was laid by the chairman on the necessity of working in close connexion with the Board of Education and of securing its sanction and support, the very point that an astuter President would have warily avoided. I had hoped that

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the Council would have had the courage to assert its separate existence, but it is idle to suggest that a Duma manipulated by a Permanent Secretary, a doctrinaire, and a Junta, is the heaven-sent constitution which is destined to give us the dignity of a profession. Even the dominion of a bureaucracy without disguise would be preferable to the fitful motions of a corpse which even a strong Government voltage can galvanise into only a spasmodic activity. We must return to basic facts and tackle the question afresh. Individuals will not be driven, bark the sheep-dogs ever so loudly. The present Register is for the secondary teacher an outrage, for the elementary teacher a superfluous luxury. We require a Council which is not an omnium gatherum, an assemblage of imposing battalions of men and women in buckram, and a Register in which no teacher, secondary or elementary, can be enrolled unless he possesses a degree. Till this is secured aloofness is a service to English education, the best and the most prudent policy.

"Changing pawns is a futile plan.

Make a sweep of the chessboard, I'm your man."

I am, Sir, yours faithfully,

J. H. E. CREES.

CRYPT GRAMMAR SCHOOL,
GLOUCESTER, *April* 1915.

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